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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER V.

STRANGE; to say it was a positive relief to both Shan and Brian when the crisis of their fate was thus postponed—each had still room to hope, and Maureen's love still burned as a beacon on the mount of time, whereas it might at that instant have been quenched forever in utter hopelessness. It was yet possible to win her, each thought, and if *he* was not as yet declared the winner, why, neither was he the loser—the race was still equal, and its thrilling excitement gave a charm to every passing hour.

The crowd was already in headlong flight towards the wharf, all anxious and all curious. Randal and his sons dashed on to the front, closely followed by Shan and Brian. No words passed between them as they ran—there was little time for words—but instinctively they tried to outrun each other, as though their fate depended on it, and by the time they reached the water-side, Shan being ahead of his rival, turned to him with an air half exulting, half threatening: "You may as well give it up, Brian Kineely!—you couldn't do it, man! and do your best!"

"Couldn't I now!—well! we'll see! But I'd advise you not to crow so loud at any rate!" Brian's habitual coolness was at all times in striking contrast with his rival's fiery ardor, and never more so than at that moment. The calm confidence of his tone was somehow very annoying to Shan, and the heightened color on his cheek denoted the rising passsion, but happily Randal's voice came to still the tempest, and his words and gestures turned all eyes on the bay.

"See there now, boys! wasn't it well worth our while to run? What do you think of that for a chase?"

A murmur of disappointment was the first sound heard, but a roar of contemptuous laughter quickly followed. There was just one fishing-boat in sight, and that contained but four or five men, two of whom were rowers.

"Barney and Yeman! get out a row-boat there—let me see who'll go—it'll be only fun, so we'll let the youngsters have it."

The boat being ready there was a clamorous outcry from "the youngsters," scores of whom rushed eagerly forward.

"Stand back there all of you," Randal said again, "five or six is all we want—Shan Driscoll!" Shan was on board in an instant. Brian Kineely's cheek flushed and he made a step forward, then paused and looked anxiously at the Admiral. The old man smiled, and pointed to the boat, and Brian sprang to a seat by Yeman's side and seized an oar with nervous trepidation as though he feared still to lose the chance of going. Two other young men being successively named by Randal, took their places in the boat with joyous alacrity, and the little craft was already some yards from the shore when the searching glance of the rivals discovered Maureen making her way through the crowd, and involuntarily rested on their oars.

"What makes you stop?" said Shan snappishly, looking over his shoulder at Brian.

"What makes *you* stop?" retorted the other.

Maureen reached her father's side, panting and breathless. First she cast her eyes on the boat beneath her, and nodded with a pleased smile at the kindly upturned faces, then she glanced at the strange boat, carelessly and lightly. All at once, she changed color, and looked more earnestly, then a cry of surprise escaped her:

"Why, father, them are the Sassenach gentlemen that were here last night!"

"Why, no, Maureen! it can't be—but stay! let me look again! Blow me overboard, Shan! but the child's right! They came out on a taunt this morning because we sent them home with a flea in their ear! Well, as the weather's brave and hot, maybe they'll be the better of a dip—but mind your eyes, lads! for them Sassenachs are treacherous.

"A fig for their treachery, and far less! cried Shan, "they can't harm *us* on the water, do their worst! God be with you all!" his words were of general application, but his eye rested on Maureen. "Tell my mother there's no danger, for I see she hasn't got down yet!"

"And *my* granny, Maureen! you know what to say to her!

"I do, Brian! God and the Virgin keep you all, and bring you safe back to us! Shan Driscoll! you've a sharp eye—keep a good lookout, mind I tell you, for them gentlefolk aren't like yourselves—they're deep as draw-wells!"

"Never fear, Maureen! never fear," said Tom Flaherty, one of their companions, "we'll bring them all safe back to you, please God! and if we don't have the wedding then I'll give it up!"

"Get along, boys, will you? there's no time for foolery—them chaps have no mind to run, I see!" This was enough. Away flew the boat over the gleaming, glancing waters, and a hearty cheer followed it from friends and kinsfolks on the shore, giving strength to the rowers' arms, and the buoyancy of hope to their hearts.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is," said Randal, "if the women were at home they'd find plenty to do,—and they're only losing their time here—for all that's to be seen. Them chaps won't make fight, depend upon it—they'd be afeard of spoiling their fine clothes. Maureen, honey! get along home like a good girl—there's one of the nets badly in want of some repairs, and your granny has to go to town to-day!"

"Father!" said Maureen in a low voice and with a reproachful glance which the old man well understood, "father would you *bid* me go?"

"Well! no, child, no!—there *may* be more in it than we think—but I'd be glad if some of them would go home and mind their business—still and all they want to see what's going on—to be sure they do, the creatures!—we'll *let* them be!—my soul to happiness! but here's the old women—was there nobody to keep them above? and Vara driving the others before her like a flock of geese—cackle! cackle! cackle! they're at it already, I vow to God!—our ears will be dinned now, anyhow, about 'my boy Shan,' and 'little Brian'—and, stay, there's Tom Flaherty's aunt that has a tongue like the clapper of a mill—and our Vara—well! well! Lord grant me patience!" and turning once more towards the water, he resolutely kept a deaf ear to the incessant clatter of the ancient dames who provokingly planted themselves in his immediate vicinity under the command of Vara Halliday. As for Maureen she heeded not their approach, nor was at all disturbed by their exclamations. Her attention was fixed on the little boat so merrily bounding over the glassy wave, and her heart beat almost audibly as she saw it nearing the other. By a simultaneous movement Shan and Brian turned their heads, and clearly distinguishing Maureen's figure, they both waved a cheerful salute—then gave their undivided attention to the affair in hand.

"You here again!" said Shan Driscoll in English, of which language he knew but little, yet more than any of the others, "you seem to like our company—but we don't want you here for all that—you just haul up your anchor!"

A contemptuous laugh was the only answer, and a still more contemptuous stare. The fishing-lines hung motionless in the pellucid water as though held by hands of stone.

"You won't—won't you?—well! you'll never see it again!" and drawing a jack-knife, prepared for the purpose, with one stroke he cut the rope which secured the anchor, while Barney O'Hara grasped the painter and dexterously lashed the boats together.

During the moment that the boat was adrift, two of the officers seized the oars, calling on the rowers to pull out; the tall officer, on the contrary, drew a revolver and aimed it at Shan's head: "You that can cut so well, cut those lashings instantly, or by ——," and he swore a tremendous oath, "I'll blow your brains out!"

"Now for the Claddagh, boys!" cried Shan with a disdainful smile. That smile and those words would have been his last, had not Brian Kineely, seeing his danger, dashed up the officer's arm with a sudden stroke of his oar, then snatching the knife which lay on the bench between him and Shan, he severed the rope at a blow, and leaping on the side of the enemy's boat, turned it right over and left the whole party, himself included, sputtering and sprawling in the water. A hearty laugh from the Claddagh men told their appreciation of Brian's dexterity, and himself laughed as loud as any of them, for to him a dip in the bay was rather pleasant than otherwise that hot summer's day. But his quick ear had detected a cry of pain amid the chorus of curses and imprecations that followed the capsizing of the boat, and he paused with one hand on the taffrail, and the other reached up to Yeman and Tom Flaherty who leant over the boat's side to help him up.

"What keeps you there?" cried Yeman, "aren't you cool enough yet?"

No answer from Brian, but a piteous supplication from two of the officers to be taken on board. They had succeeded in gaining the boat's side, and clung there with the desperate grasp of despair. "Mercy!" they groaned, "mercy!"

"Bad right we have, then," said Shan, in answer to an inquiring look from Barney, "but still and all I suppose we must—let us hall them in!"

It was done accordingly, and one of them immediately cried:

"Where's Hamilton?"

"And where's Brian?" echoed the Claddagh men in a breath, "Mother of God! where's he?"

"He was just getting in," said Yeman, with a pale face and a quivering lip, "Tom and me had as good as a hold of him, but when we took our eyes off him for a minute, he was gone!"

"By the good daylight!" cried Shan Driscoll pulling off his jacket, "the Sassenach has dragged him down! Oh! Brian! my poor fellow! is that the way with you after you saving *my* life a minute ago?"

Scarcely knowing what he did, Shan could with difficulty be kept from jumping overboard to search for Brian living or dead, when a shout from Barney electrified all on board. Following the direction of his finger, they beheld Brian just rising above the water several yards down the stream. With one hand he was gallantly stemming the current while the other supported the sinking form of Captain Hamilton, whose head hung heavily against his shoulder.

A deafening cheer from the boat, heartily joined in by the two officers, was faintly answered by Brian, whose strength was fast failing!

"The oars! the oars!" cried Shan Driscoll wildly, and rushing himself to seize one of them, he came full against one of the officers who was leaning anxiously over the side forgetful for the moment of his half-drowned condition. The shock would have borne down even a stronger man, and there he lay kicking and struggling amongst the benches unnoticed by the fishermen—who were all too intent on saving Brian to give any attention to him—till his friend, after many fruitless attempts, at length got him raised to a sitting posture. Fortunately for Brian and his now helpless burden, it took but a few vigorous strokes of the friendly oars to bring the boat to them, and in less time than it takes to tell it they were safely lifted on board. Brian was merely out of breath, and after a few minutes' puffing and panting, recovered the use of his tongue, but the officer gave no signs of life, and poor Brian hung over him with tears in his eyes.

"Wouldn't it be a poor case now if he'd never come to, and we had such a hard tussel to save him?—get out of the way there, and don't keep the air from him!" This last exclamation was addressed to the Captain's friends, Brian being oblivious of the fact that they did not understand him. Seeing them deaf to his admonitions, he gave them a shove to one side, declaring them a couple of thick-sculled *bosthoons*.

"Where in the world did you light on him, Brian," inquired Barney.

"Why, where but at the bottom below?" retorted Brian; "he was a'most gone, you see when he went down the second time—I think myself he got a ball in him somewhere when his pistol went off. Do you think there's e'er a breath at all in him, Shan?"

"I'm afeard not, Brian—but still God's good—he *may* come to, after all!"

"Lord grant it!" was Brian's fervent ejaculation, as he bent down and applied his ear to the officer's mouth; "somehow or another I feel as if I'd have his death on me."

"Is he breathing?" demanded one of the other officers anxiously.

"Sure the boy can't tell whether or no," responded Shan, "with that thievin' hair that's about his mouth—troth! it isn't on a Christian face the likes of it ought to be!"

"Hur—r—ah!" shouted Brian jumping up in an ecstacy, and clapping Shan on the shoulder; there's life in him yet, Shan, my boy! he's just like my granny when she was coming to last night!"

"I say, boys! what's all this about—what's to do here?" cried the rough voice of Randal More, and the fishermen looking round with a start, saw the Admiral close alongside in another boat. "Here you left these two poor devils

to sink or swim, until God sent *us* to pick them up," and he pointed to the two oarsmen. "Right or wrong, boys! you should save the life—a life's a life—always! Is there any one dead or dying there?"

"It's only one of the Sassenachs, Randal, that Brian fished up from among the weeds below—he's coming to finely, though!"

"I'm proud to hear it, the villain!—let me have a look at him, the aggravating blackguard!" and laying hold of the oar held out to him by Tom, the Admiral swung himself out of one boat into the other with the ease and almost the lightness of early youth.

The officer was by this time fast recovering his consciousness, and opening his eyes, fixed them on Randal with a vacant stare, then moaned heavily and raised his hand to his right shoulder. "There's something wrong there!" "I thought so!" observed Brian.

"How do you feel now?" said the Admiral bending down over him.

A faint murmur proceeded from the pale lips, but no one caught the words. "Raise him up, boys! above his breath!" cried Randal, "Virgin Mother! he'll bleed to death!—see there!" and he pointed to the dark red stain now clearly visible on the blue regatta jacket.

Without a moment's delay the jacket was torn off and a handkerchief bound on the gaping wound—so as to staunch the blood.

"I say, old fellow! where are you taking us to?" demanded one of the other officers, as soon as their fears for Hamilton were somewhat relieved.

"Old fellow in your teeth!" said Shan Driscoll fiercely, "do you know who you're speakin' to?"

"Why yes, I rather think so!—a precious rough specimen of an old fisherman!"

"Have a care what you say, my good lad! if you don't want to get your head in your fist—that's the Admiral of the Claddagh, the chief ruler of Galway Bay!"

"Do you hear that, Melville?" cried the officer to his unwounded comrade, and both laughed heartily. "If that isn't a good joke. Why, you great sea-bear, are not these waters subject to Queen Victoria?"

"Not a drop of them belongs to her—not as much as would fall from your finger—she has no more authority over us Claddagh men on Galway Bay than you have—*we* rule here, my boy! and Randal More rules *us*—so mind you speak him fair, or you'll not be thankful to yourself."

By this time Hamilton had recovered the use of his speech, and asked who it was that saved him, "for," said he, "I remember perfectly being unable to swim with the stiffness of this wounded arm and the weakness arising from the loss of blood. I went down a second time, I know well!"

Brian was pointed out to him, and the officer shook him warmly by the hand. "You're a brave fellow," said he, "and for your sake I'll always honor the Claddagh men. It was a noble act."

This being explained by Shan, Brian replied with a smile that he couldn't do less, seeing that it was by his means the pistol went off, "and I didn't mean that," he added, "but only to save Shan's life. I wanted to upset the boat, it's true enough, but I don't know much about pistols, so I didn't think it would go off of itself that way. It'll be a warning to the Sassenachs for the time to come!"

"Well, young man! all I can say is, that I owe you my life—those from whom I had a right to expect assistance would have left me, it seems, to my fate!"

"Upon my honor, Hamilton! you're very unreasonable! I assure you, we had hard work to save ourselves!—*we're* not water-dogs, you must remember!"

"Oh! of course not—you belong, rather, to the poodles! But this wound,—deuce take it! I feel quite faintish!—how are we to get into town? I suppose that unlucky boat can't be righted till it gets on shore!"

The fishermen had been conferring amongst themselves, but Randal hearing this, turned again to the Captain: "We have your boat in tow—for yourselves, by right you're our prisoners as we caught you trespassing on the bay."

A humorous smile flitted across the pale features of the wounded man, but he said nothing.

"I say you're our prisoners," resumed Randal, "but on account of the state you're in, and the bad wound you've got, an' on account of the decent turn that we see in *you*—not all as one as these others—we'll let you go, for this time, hoping that you'll let *us* alone for the time to come, an' meddle no more *with* us!"

"Many thanks to you, my worthy fellow,—I beg pardon!—most noble Admiral!"

"Hold your tongue now, Sassenach! words are air, an' we want no blarney!—boys!" to his sons and Shan, in their own language, "get those lubbers of oarsmen in here and lash that boat of theirs to this—take them all into town, and hurry back, for we've lost more time with the jackdaws than what they're worth!"

His orders were quickly obeyed, Brian and he shook hands with the Captain who once more assured the latter of his undying gratitude, and the parties separated.

Leaving the one boat on its way back to the Claddagh, and the other up the river to Galway, let us see how things went in Randal's cottage after the sudden departure of the men. The priest had left his seat during the hurry, and stood with his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, while he glanced from Maureen to Vara, and from Vara back again to her grand-daughter's blushing face, where his gaze rested.

"Maureen!" said he, at length, "you're a good girl, but I don't know what to make of you. Do you ever mean to marry?"

"Ay! that's the question, Father Dominick," put in the grand-dame; "if she does, now's her time—let her say yes or no—and if she doesn't the sooner it's known the better—there's the two decentest boys in the Claddagh breaking their hearts about her."

"And each other's heads, too, once in awhile," observed the priest with a smile, "that's the worst of it. I protest, Maureen! this won't do at all—we must tether the kid, my daughter!"

"But what would the kid do, then, your reverence?" said Maureen, with an arch-smile, and a half-serious shake of the head, "the *spanshil** spoils all the sport, and if two of us were *spanshilled* together, Father Dominick, maybe it's what we'd be, one pulling this way and the other that—I'm thinking we're better friends now than we'd be then!"

"Well, but Brian, my child!—surely you and Brian could agree—there's not a better tempered boy in the village.

"I know that, your reverence!—it's too good tempered he is—him and me wouldn't pull together, at all."

"Now, are you in earnest, Maureen? Perhaps you think more of Shan?"

"To be sure she does," cried Vara, from the dresser, where she was arranging her wooden ware.

"Don't press me too hard, now, Father Dominick!" said Maureen, with a sudden change of manner, "my granny and my father, and all of them are at me—don't *you* take part with them, or I can't stand it. Oh! your reverence, *make* them let me alone—do, and God bless you. If you only *knew* how little I'm thinking of marriage, and sure, sure, I'm time enough!"

There was no resisting the passionate supplication of Maureen's look, nor the wild energy with which her words were uttered. The priest could only gaze and wonder at the very unnecessary earnestness, as he thought, with which the girl preferred her petition. He felt himself moved to pity, although he could not tell why, and old Vara herself cooled down wonderfully.

"Well, after all, child, "it's your own look-out, and we're fools to be burning our fingers at another's fire. I suppose, your reverence, her time isn't come, for, sure if it was, she couldn't keep it back."

Here the cheering from the wharf reached Maureen's ear, and she started off abruptly, muttering something about her father. When she was gone, Vara and the priest looked at each other, and for a moment neither spoke.

"Vara!" said the priest, at last breaking silence, "I'm an old man, and have seen many things in my time; books have I studied, and men, but of woman's heart I know little. Can you read me this riddle?"

"Father Dominick!" replied the old woman, and her dark features assumed a sort of sybilline character that startled her auditor, "Father Dominick!" she repeated, "mind I tell you there's something in that girl that's past the common. In dreams of the night I often see her in strange, wild places, among ghostly people"—and Vara's face grew darker and her look more solemn—"with the garments of the stranger on her back, and the speech of the stranger on her tongue. Oh, oh, your reverence! there's fear in my heart about that girl—pulse of my heart she is—and that's the reason why I'm pushing her on. I think if she was once settled for life, with a decent, honest partner, I'd feel myself twenty years younger."

The priest, seeing the old woman's perturbation, endeavored to make light of her fears. "Pooh! pooh! Vara, I thought you had more sense than to be heeding idle dreams!"

"Ah! Father Dominick, there's more truth in dreams, sometimes, than there is in our daily life—that's my notion, anyhow, and God grant it mayn't be true in regard to Maureen! Why, your reverence, it's only about a week agone since I dreamed that I was trying my ring* on her, and it wouldn't stay on her finger—it fell off as fast as I put it on—think of that, Father Dominick, dear!—my marriage-ring, and her mother's, too! If there's anything in that dream, it's no wonder I'd be down-hearted."

"God save you all!" said the priest, addressing a group of men and women who had just come down from the upper part of the village, arrayed in their Sunday clothes. "How is all *with* you? I thought every soul in the Claddagh was down at the wharf."

"Well, indeed, I suppose *we'd* be there, too, your reverence," returned one of the men, "only for what happened last night!"

"And what was that, Denny?"

"Why nothing at all, your reverence, only that our Jack and Peggy Sullivan went off with themselves last night from the bonfire,† and we were all up at Terry's this morning making the match."

"Very good, Denny! very good—I heard they were pulling a cord together this time past—were you up at the convent?"

"To be sure, your reverence, we just came from there—the porter told us you were down somewhere here, he thought, so we made free to come after you. We're going to have the young couple spliced this evening——

"Oh! of course—the sooner the better, as things have gone so far—where *are* they?"

"Up at our house, your reverence!" said Terry Sullivan,—they went to her Aunt Polly's last night, and when we got word this morning of where they were—indeed we partly guessed it—her mother and myself went up and brought her home."

"Well! I'll be at home any time you come,—good day, Vara!—I'm sorry the match wasn't finished here this morning—take my word for it, Maureen and the boy—whoever he is—are waiting to make a run of it some of these moonlight nights, when you're not looking for it."

When the priest was gone, the Sullivans, man and wife, invited Vara and all the family to the wedding. "Of course, we'll not have house-room for the tithe of all we'll have," observed Norry, "but the weather's brave and hot, thanks be to God, and we can eat and drink, and dance and everything in the open air. There'll be lashings and leavings of everything, please God, for my father, God rest him! left ten pounds to Peggy, and we mean to spend it on her wedding every penny."

"And why wouldn't you, astore?" rejoined Vara, "sure you'll never miss it when God gives you the way of doing it—you can plenish the house for them easy enough, and I know Denny here will be givin' Jack a share in the boat—so they'll do well, please God Almighty!"

"Troth an' I will, Vara! with the heart and a half," put in Denny, a very easy-going man of rather a taciturn habit who usually left the talking to his wife, when present; "I'm better pleased at this match than if I got a whole cargo of prime fish—just on account of the old quarrel between myself and Terry here—give us your hand, Terry!—it's ever and always a lucky match that heals an old wound—isn't it, Terry?" Terry and Terry's wife answered affirmatively and affectionately.

"Are you going to town?" demanded Vara hastily, for she just then perceived the Widow Driscoll and old More Kineely moving along in the direction of the wharf. "If you are, call for me—I'll only wait to see how things are going below, and then get a bit of dinner."

"Well! I b'lieve our Cauth *has* to go in,' observed Norry, "for some nick-nack or another, but we were all in this morning and got our wants. Mind and tell the boys now, Vara—I mean them that's out, and Randal and Maureen and all of them. But stay, Denny! I think you ought to go down to the wharf and ask Randal yourself—you and Terry."

"Sorra that they will," said Vara snappishly, "go home all of you and you'll find plenty to do. Never mind Randal—he'll be there in full feather, I'll go bail!——

So the bridal party went off well satisfied, and Vara hurried after her cronies, burning with curiosity to know what was passing on the water. Various rumors had echoed through the half-deserted streets of the village during the short interval, and the maternal fears of the old women had been roused to an intolerable degree by the wilfully-exaggerated reports of the urchins who kept running to and fro in the "great news by Telegraph" style of more *civilized* communities. On their march to the wharf the aged matrons were met by at least half a dozen of these self-constituted scouts, one after another.

"Shan Driscoll's shot!" cried one.

"Brian Kineely's drowned!" shouted another.

"No, it's the Sassenachs," cried a third, "their boat's upset!"

"Hur-r-rah!" from the shore in a chorus of manly voices, "they're all saved——"

Agitated beyond endurance by these conflicting accounts, the old women hurried onward as fast as their infirmities would permit, Vara dragging the others on with masculine vigor and energy. They had hardly reached the shore when Randal, urged by Maureen, put off as we have seen for the place of action. The cheers and fond gratulations that hailed Shan on his return with Randal lost half their value, in his estimation, when he looked in vain for Maureen. The mother's blessing and embrace were welcome, but the light of Maureen's smile was wanting, and when Randal himself noticed her sudden disappearance, a pang of jealousy shot through Shan's heart, and he said within himself: "It's because Brian isn't with us!"

(To be continued.)

* The *spanshil* effectually impedes the motions of any unruly animal, by tying the forefoot and hindfoot together, on one side.

* In Hall's *Ireland* we find an interesting account of a custom peculiar to the Claddagh—viz., the wedding-ring being handed down as an heir-loom in the family. The ring is always transferred by the mother to the daughter first married. Some of these Claddagh rings are very heavy and of curious workmanship, costing from two to three pounds.

† This is another of the peculiar customs of the Claddagh people. Hardly any of their public festivities passes off without one or more young couples "running away" together. The thing is so common that it excites neither surprise nor displeasure, and it is a fact creditable to these young Claddagh men that no advantage is ever taken of the girl who thus places herself in the power of her lover. They generally go to some friend's house.

GEORGE HENRY MOORE'S LETTER.

[*From the Nation.*]

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It is impossible to review the events which form the subject of Mr. Moore's letter to the people of Mayo, without feeling impelled to a serious consideration of the utter disadvantage at which the people of Ireland meet their enemies in the Parliamentary arena. It is the conflict of a defenceless man with a well-armed and powerful foe. There is no concealing, no evading this fact, which is here once more brought home to us by this address—the address of the rightfully chosen representative of an Irish constituency. The people of this country are deluded with the theories of a "constitutional" government, while they are the slaves of despotism as absolute as any that ever crushed a conquered nation. There is no evading this fact—brought home to us by Mr. Moore's address—that while our people are without the protection of the Ballot, the exercise of the franchise is not so much a farce as a tragedy. An election is, in the first instance, a struggle between a helpless tenantry and an unscrupulous landocracy—a struggle which desolates whole districts as if an army had spread its ravages upon it—an election is, in the second instance, a struggle between a powerful minister and a few incorruptible representatives. The terrors of the landlord may be braved by Irish tenants; the man of their choice may be successful at the hustings, but their suffrages will not avail in the star-chamber of the English Minister. While the crowbar is levelling the houses of those who dared to exercise the "rights" of electors, the Minister is showing them that he can also find a way to defeat their efforts to find protection. A conflict between a pack of wolves and a flock of sheep—between the voracious beasts of the Roman arena and the helpless martyrs of Christianity—was not more unequal than an electoral struggle, under existing circumstances, between the Irish people and their oppressors. Could we but see that the engines brought to bear against them were merely landlord tyranny, the struggle would be less hopeless; but while their voices cannot reach beyond the hustings, the machinations of the Minister extend to the Senate chamber. Until the shield of the Ballot is given to the people, the weapon of the franchise is useless; an electoral struggle is ruin to them—rarely a victory; but when it is, alas, at what a cost! Mr. Moore, chosen by the people of Mayo to represent them in the British Parliament, is excluded from that duty by the English Minister. In our opinion Mr. Moore, who is as strong in the midst of the Irish tenantry as that Minister in the midst of a corrupt Senate, would do well to ask himself whether a more successful battle cannot be fought with the People's foes on a field where the odds will not be *all* against him and them.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

First Onslaught on the Repealers—Dismissal of Magistrates—Fresh Adhesions to Repeal—Correspondence between Lord Chancellor Sugden and O'Connell—Five Lord Chancellors in a Madhouse!—Mr. Lane Fox, M.P., and O'Connell—Ledru Rollin's Offer of French Military Aid.

THE first step taken by the Government, in performance of their pledge to suppress the agitation, was a grossly unconstitutional interference with the right to petition. Lord Chancellor Sugden (an Englishman) began by dismissing from the commission of the peace Lord Ffrench and other magistrates, for having attended meetings convened to petition for Repeal. That the reader may fully appreciate the part taken by O'Connell in this transaction, I insert the Chancellor's letter to Lord Ffrench, a copy of which was forwarded to every superseded magistrate:

"*To the Right Honorable Lord Ffrench.*

"Secretary's Office, Four Courts, Dublin, 22d of May, 1843.

"MY LORD:—I have the honor to acknowledge your lordship's letter of the 19th instant, stating that it was your intention to attend the Repeal meeting at Cultra, as well as that which is to be held in Athlone. I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform your lordship that he regrets he has felt it his duty to direct your lordship to be superseded as a magistrate for the county of Galway. It has been his earnest desire not to interfere with the expression of opinion by any magistrate in favor of Repeal, although from his first arrival here he deemed it inconsistent with the determination of her Majesty's Government to uphold the Union between Great Britain and Ireland to appoint as a magistrate any person pledged to the Repeal of that Union. Her Majesty's Government having recently declared in both Houses of Parliament their fixed determination to maintain the Union, it becomes the duty of the members of the Government to support that declaration. The allegation that the numerous Repeal meetings are not illegal does not diminish their inevitable tendency to outrage; and considering the subject in all its bearings, it is the opinion of the Lord Chancellor that such meetings are not in the spirit of the constitution, and may become dangerous to the safety of the state. It is necessary, therefore, that the Government should be able to place a firm reliance on the watchfulness and determination of the magistracy to preserve the public peace. A magistrate who presides over or forms a part of such meeting can neither be prepared to repress violence, nor could he be expected to act against a body for whose offence he would himself be responsible. To such persons the preservation of the public peace during the present agitation cannot be safely intrusted. Your lordship's determination to preside over such a meeting, immediately after the declarations in Parliament, proves to the Lord Chancellor that the time has arrived for evincing the determination of this government to delegate no power to those who seek by such measures as are now pursued to dissolve the Legislative Union. To allow such persons any longer to remain in the commission of the peace would be to afford the power of the crown to the carrying of a measure which her Majesty has, like her predecessor, expressed her determination to prevent. This view of the case, which the step taken by your lordship has forced upon the attention of the Lord Chancellor, will compel him at once to supersede any other magistrates who, since the declarations in Parliament, have attended like Repeal meetings. He thinks that such a measure is not at variance with the resolution of the Government, whilst they watch over public tranquillity and oppose the Repeal movement, still to act with forbearance and conciliation, and to devote their best energies to improve the institutions and promote the prosperity of Ireland.

"I have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient servant,

"HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary."

The Lord Chancellor's Secretary, Mr. Sugden, forwarded to Mr. O'Connell a copy of the preceding letter, and accompanied it with the following note:

"Secretary's Office, Four Courts, Dublin, May 23, 1843.

"SIR:—I am directed by the Lord Chancellor to inform you, that it is with regret that he has felt it his duty to supersede you as a magistrate for the county of Kerry. I beg to enclose a copy of a letter, written by the Lord Chancellor's directions to Lord Ffrench, which will explain to you the grounds upon which this step has been taken.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"HENRY SUGDEN, Secretary.

"Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P."

I subjoin Mr. O'Connell's reply:

"*To Henry Sugden, Esq.*

"30 Merrion Square, 27th May, 1843.

"SIR:—On my return to town from attending four meetings, peaceable and perfectly legal meetings, to petition parliament for the repeal of the act entitled the Act for the Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland, I found before me your letter of the 23d inst. For the terms of civility in which that letter is couched, I owe you, sir, and I hereby offer you my best thanks.

"I would not willingly be exceeded by you in courtesy, and I beg of you to believe that, if in the performance of a sacred duty I should use any expression of a harsh nature, which I shall studiously endeavor to avoid, it is not my intention to say anything personally offensive. But that duty obliges me to declare that, as the restoration of the Irish Parliament is an event, in my judgment, not remote, I will avail myself of the opportunity afforded by a seat in the Irish House of Commons, to move for the impeachment of the present Lord Chancellor for presuming to interfere with the subject's dearest and most precious right—the right of petitioning Parliament; a right expressly declared to belong to the people as one of 'the true, ancient, and indubitable rights and liberties of the people of this realm.' I use the words of the statute, which, it should be remembered, settles the succession of the crown upon the basis of those rights and liberties of the subject. Her Majesty's title, therefore, to the throne is based upon the right of petition, and the statute expressly declares, 'That all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are illegal.' The deprivation of the commission of the peace may not be technically a prosecution. But it is intended as a *punishment*; and punishment without prosecution would make the act of the Lord Chancellor only the more criminal. I mean to insist, and I think the argument will have weight with an Irish Parliament, freely and fairly elected, that the act of the Chancellor necessarily endangers the stability of the throne, and the security of the connection between both countries.

"The commission of the peace is of very small importance to *me*, who never acted more than once under that commission. But the *principle* upon which the Chancellor acts I utterly protest against, as being in its essential nature disloyal, and dangerous alike to the throne and the people.

"That the Repeal meetings to petition Parliament are not illegal, is a proposition admitted in your letter to Lord Ffrench; and really, you must permit me to say, that it is in no slight degree absurd to allege, that these meetings 'have an inevitable tendency to outrage!!!' Why meetings have been held—as everybody in Ireland knows, or ought to know as numerously—aye, and as peaceably—before the passing of the Emancipation Act as during the present Repeal Agitation. There have been, within the last three months, more than twenty of these multitudinous meetings, to petition, without having caused a single offence. How, then, they can have 'AN INEVITABLE TENDENCY' to outrage, without ever having produced a single outrage, is not within the comprehension of a mere Irish lawyer, although it may be within the sagacity of an English Chancellor.

"How CAN the Chancellor be of opinion that meetings to petition are not within the spirit of the constitution, when the constitution itself recognizes, sanctions, aye, and enforces the right so to petition? And as to the notion of their becoming dangerous to the safety of the state, the danger to the state would, in *reality*, consist in suppressing the groans of the people; in compelling them to brood in silence over their wrongs and their sufferings; and a more wronged and suffering people exist not under the face of heaven than the Irish people. The danger to the State would consist in suppressing the expression of popular opinion; in damming up the constitutional channels of relief; and in thereby driving the people to the wild and hideous 'justice of revenge,' instead of leaving them to the fair hopes of relief from the houses of Parliament, and from the throne.

"As to the argument used in your letter to Lord Ffrench with respect to the *inability* of the magistrates attending meetings, to repress violence, it bears diametrically the opposite way. For no individual could possibly have so direct and personal an interest in preventing violence and suppressing outrage as magistrates who are parties to, and responsible for, the calling together of such meetings.

"With respect to your assertion that her Majesty has, like her predecessor, 'expressed her determination to prevent the carrying of the Repeal of the Union,' it has filled me with the most utter and inexpressible astonishment. You *must* know—and indeed I much fear you must have known, when you made that assertion—that it was utterly unfounded; in fact, Sir Robert Peel has himself admitted the falsity of that statement. Her Majesty, whom the people of Ireland affectionately revere, has made no such declaration; and indeed I must say it enhances the criminality of the Lord Chancellor that he has permitted the putting forward (under the sanction of his high name) of a statement so injurious to her Majesty; and one so strongly tending in itself to expose her to the odium and hatred (if that were possible) of her brave, loyal, and attached people of Ireland.

"As to the concluding paragraph of your letter, which talks of the forbearance and conciliation of the present Government, and of their desire to improve the institutions, and promote the prosperity of Ireland, it is calculated only to move the risible faculties of every light-hearted man, and to excite the indignant sorrow of every thinking being, that you should venture to treat the people of Ireland to such a specimen of ludicrous hypocrisy.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant, "DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"To Henry Sugden, Esq."

O'Connell ridiculed the paltry meanness and weak hostility evinced in the removal of the magistrates. In a speech delivered a few days afterwards at the Repeal Association, he mixed up his comments on the absurdity of the Chancellor's proceeding with the following anecdote:

"If those men [namely, the Government] are not yet mad, they have given some signs of madness; and a most ludicrous instance of a thing of the kind occurred on Saturday last. The present Lord Chancellor, in the interim of making out the writs of supersedeas for the Repeal magistrates, is very fond of investigating into the management of lunatic asylums. He made an agreement with the surgeon-general to visit, without any previous intimation, a lunatic asylum, kept by Dr. Duncan, in this city. Some person sent word to the asylum that a patient was to be sent there in a carriage that day, who was a smart little man, that thought himself one of the judges, or some great person of that sort, and who was to be detained by them. Dr. Duncan was out, when Sir Edward Sugden came there in half-an-hour afterwards. On knocking at the door, Sir Edward was admitted and received by the keeper. He appeared to be very talkative, but the attendants humored him, and answered all his questions. He asked if the surgeon-general had arrived, and the keeper assured him that he was not yet come, but that he would be there immediately. 'Well, said he, 'I will inspect some of the rooms until he arrives.' 'Oh, no sir,' said the keeper, 'we could not permit that at all.' 'Then, I will walk for a while in the garden, said his lordship, 'whilst I am waiting for him.' 'We cannot let you go there either, sir,' said the keeper. 'What,' said he, 'don't you know that I am the Lord Chancellor?' 'Sir,' said the keeper, 'we have four more Lord Chancellors here already.' He got into a great fury, and they were beginning to think of the strait-waistcoat for him, when fortunately the surgeon-general arrived. 'Has the Lord Chancellor arrived yet?' said he. The man burst out laughing at him, and said, 'Yes, sir, we have him safe, but he is by far the most outrageous patient we have.' I really believe the Chachellor caught the fury of superseding the magistrates while he was in Dr. Duncan's asylum, and it would be exceedingly fortunate if all the rest of the Ministry were there with him."

The first fruits of the dismissal of the Repeal magistrates appeared in a large batch of fresh Repeal recruits, including several young lawyers of ability—O'Hagan, O'Hea, Sir Colman O'Loghlen (son of the late Master of the Rolls), and many others. The week's rent swelled up to £2,205, and there was a prevalent feeling of derisive defiance of the Lord Chancellor and the Government. The new adherents of Repeal assigned the unconstitutional interference with the right of petition as the immediate cause of their adhesion.

Shortly previous to this period the increase of the Repeal Agitation in Ireland had aroused the ire of an English member of Parliament named Lane Fox, whose notions of legislation were altogether fanatical, and derived from his own conceptions of the prophetic parts of Scripture. He wrote a curious letter to O'Connell, challenging him to appear in his place in Parliament, and listen to *his* (Mr. Lane Fox's) argument; predicting the downfall of Popery and triumph of truth; threatening to move for the Repeal of the Emancipation Act; with much more equally rational and revelant matter.

O'Connell's only answer was the following brief "Card," as he called it:

"Mr. O'Connell has read in the *Times* a letter addressed to him by Mr. Lane Fox, a copy of which that unhappy gentleman has taken the trouble of sending to Mr. O'Connell in manuscript, after he had printed the original in the newspapers. Of course it will not be expected that Mr. O'Connell should say one word in reply to that strange and maniacal epistle; but he feels that, as a gentleman and a Christian, he is bound earnestly to implore the friends of Mr. Lane Fox to obtain for him the protection which the court, in matters of lunacy, is enabled to give to persons who, like Mr. Lane Fox, are manifestly incompetent to manage their own affairs, either public or private.

"Merrion Square, 12th of May, 1843."*

Mr. Fox next talked of a call of the House, in order to compel the attendance of O'Connell in Parliament. On this proposition the *Brighton Herald* humorously commented, observing that a chase in pursuit of O'Connell, who was rapidly traversing Ireland in every direction, would place the Sergeant-at-Arms in the ludicrous predicament of a dog at a duck-hunt; the object of his pursuit having only to *dive*, and re-appear in a distant locality, in order to baffle the efforts of the pursuer. The writer added that such a chase would be a capital joke to O'Connell and the people of Ireland.

Mr. Lane Fox, having abandoned the idea of his political duck-hunt, did not, however, withdraw his attention from Irish affairs. He addressed an epistle to the editor of the *Times*, which, though written by an Englishman, is an excellent specimen of the "thunder-an'-ouns" species of politico-theology much in favor with the "evangelical" school of anti-Repealers in Ireland, whose harangues and epistles are quite as extravagant in matter, and nearly as much so in manner, as those of Mr. Fox. That gentleman spoke of O'Connell's disclaimer of violence, adding, "But *I* tell you, sir, for the information of the people of England, that *I* am a fighting man; and it shall not be long before I am up to my horse's reins in the blood of infidels." After contending that this language was warranted by "every page of Scripture;" that the elect of Israel were planted in England; that the said elect exclusively possessed the true interpretation of God's word; that he (Mr. Fox), disguised in the garb of folly, had probed the brains of our rulers and found nothing, the writer concluded as follows:

"You will oblige me by inserting this letter in your much circulated paper; it will comfort many an honest meaning heart. Fools may stumble at it; and let them stumble and be damned. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"S. L. FOX.

"3 St. James's Square, June 22."

In the month of July, 1843, M. Ledru Rollin, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies,* addressed to O'Connell a proffer of French assistance in working out the liberty of Ireland. M. Rollin professed, on the part of his confederates in France, strong sympathy with the peaceful nature of the Irish movement; but he more than hinted, that his friends had an *arriere pense* of affording military aid, should the British Government seek, by unconstitutional violence, to coerce the Irish Repealers. In a reply to this communication, read by O'Connell at the Repeal Association, he thus dealt with the offer of physical assistance:

"You, indeed, allude to another contingency, in which you may be disposed to be more active in our support. But that is a contingency which we decline to discuss, because we deem it impossible that it should arise, the British Government having retracted every menace of illegal force and unjust violence, and confining its resistance to our claims—if it shall continue to resist those claims—within the ordinary channels of legalized administration."

"O'Connell was too wise, too loyal, and too wary, to give the least encouragement to offers, direct or conditional, of foreign military assistance. Pecuniary aid he was glad to accept; it was in its nature quite safe, and it essentially helped to promote the agitation. The pecuniary gifts of America were generous and frequent. France gave nothing; and O'Connell was not disposed to value very highly the empty proffer of a species of help, which required distinct and immediate repudiation in order to avert an embarrassing *demele* with the law. "I wonder," said he, one day, "whether there was anything *real* in Ledru's offer. Some fellows have such an enormous deal of balderdashical vanity about them, that it is not unlikely Ledru only meant to get a little notoriety."

Apart, however, from the contrast between French and American assistance to the Repeal movement—a contrast which the large number of Irish resident in the United States sufficiently accounted for—O'Connell entertained feelings of sincere respect for the great and gallant French nation. He remembered that, during the last century, hosts of Irish exiles found in France a refuge, when England had made their native land too hot to hold them. He was not unmindful of the many fields of battle on which the Irish brigade had earned glory under the French banner; and these memories produced in his mind a strong sentiment of friendship for our Gallic neighbors.

* And recently rendered conspicuous by his share in the Revolution of 1848.

(To be continued.)

LOST HOURS.

"We will have recovered lost hours before our next publication.—N. Y. TABLET."

Possess you the charm of recalling lost hours? O, impart unto us the precious secret, that we may gather up the squandered moments of past years, and weave them into a future all bright and glorious. Lost hours! O, give them back—the hours of childhood—the sunny hours of boyhood—the hours of riper years. Let them return, that we may talk with them as we would talk with old and dear friends. O, how memory crowds the brain with indistinct visions, as fancy calls them, one by one, around us. We are again sporting on the village green amid the gay and happy—the wild laugh rings out upon the evening air, and joyous hearts beat in response to joyous hearts. The loved companions whom, with tearful eyes, we had seen consigned to the cold grave, come up around us in all the freshness and vigor of renewed life. Yes, give them back—even the hours of darkness and sin—the gloomy hours—the melancholy hours—the hours that witnessed the treachery of professed friends, and the hours which proved the value of true friendship. All, give them all back. We would be with the past, to revel amid its pleasures, and sigh amid its sorrows. Lost hours! O, how much of happiness and pain are stored away in their solemn archives. The young and the old are their companions. The loved and the hated are their fellows. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, rest peacefully amid the silence which surrounds them. O, give them back, that we may crave pardon of those of the dead whose feelings we may have wounded while living, and thank those tenants of the sepulchre who spoke words of cheer and ministered to our happiness ere they left us to return no more. Lost hours! Who would not recall them? Could he but command them, the iron-hearted miser would hail their approach, that he might make restitution to the widow and orphan. The good man would welcome their return as an opportunity of doing the work which he omitted to do while they were passing. An unwonted pleasure would light up the countenance of the prodical youth, could he recall the past, and with it the mother who sought an untimely grave, to free her from the anguish of a broken heart.

Alas! lost hours will not return. Entreat them as we may, they will not heed our call. Yet they will live on and meet us at the judgment. All the dead, together with all who shall henceforth live and die, will behold their resurrection.—*Sandy Hill Herald.*

* From the *Dublin Pilot* of the same date.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Carlow.

During the process of removing the stones and rubbish on the site of the late Diocesan school block, the workmen discovered three human skulls in a sewer, and a pair of shoes, which, when disturbed, and brought to the surface, were filled with small bones, supposed to belong to the feet of a full grown person. The sewer was not evidently disturbed during a period of more than fifty years, and it is impossible to account for the discovery of human remains in that locality. The churchyard adjoining the plot was confined to its present limits since the days of Swift, who, in a brief note to a relative of the Temple family, comments on the style of the architecture adopted in erecting the church (as it then stood) with its hideous old steeple, surmounted by a massive ball of granite, with its circumscribed burial ground then extending to the quays. Possibly, during the troubles of 1798, the bodies of parties killed during the struggle in this town were hastily thrown into the sewer; on no other ground can the circumstances of this discovery be accounted for.—*Sentinel.*

Clare.

The Mayor of Limerick has received the following communication from F. M'Namara Calcutt, Esq., M. P. for Clare, dated St. Catherine's, Jan. 7th, 1858: "Sir—I am happy to perceive that it is in contemplation to subscribe for the purpose of erecting a testimonial to the memory of Patrick Sarsfield, and I would thank you to put down my name for £10. That I cannot contribute more largely I regret, both on account of the merits of that illustrious man, and also the ties of relationship existing between his family and mine."

Cork.

A fashionably dressed lady recently presented herself at the Dublin terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway in what appeared to be a pitiable situation. She informed the parties on the platform that she had just lost her purse and was placed in the awkward position of being unable to pay her fare to Cork where she was proceeding on a visit to her aunt. Her tears and well acted confusion succeeded in arresting the attention of a gentleman, who, having enquired her name and circumstances, was told so plausible a tale that he paid the young "lady's" fare by 1st class train to Cork. On arriving in Cork she put up at a well known hotel where she remained some time, but eventually disappeared without paying, leaving another too confiding gentleman in the unpleasant position of having to pay her hotel bill. She has not "turned up" since.—*Constitution.*

A new steamer is being built in the Clyde, intended for the Cork trade, and of such speed that the trip between London and Cork, *via* Bristol, can be performed in 20 hours.

The Rev. Sir Lionel Darrell, a Protestant clergyman, has generously contributed the munificent sum of £100 towards the erection of a new Catholic chapel in the parish of Churchtown.—*Examiner.*

Donegal.

A lamentable state of affairs has arisen in Donegal, which had been, until recently, one of the most peaceable counties in the United Kingdom. There have been differences between the Earl of Leitrim and his tenantry, and some of the latter are to be removed from their holdings. Altogether this usually tranquil county is in a state of such excitement that it has been deemed prudent to send down a large military force. We learn from our correspondent that a public meeting is to be held in Milford, on Thursday next, "to express sympathy with the tenants of Milford, Gweedore, Cloughaneely, and the surrounding country," and that "a petition, praying for a parliamentary enquiry into the state of Milford, Fannett, Rossguill, and Gweedore, will be laid before the meeting." Our correspondent adds: "Lord Leitrim has arrived at Milford, with three or four servants or bailiffs, armed at all points. The tenantry ejected at the last Lifford sessions are to be dispossessed. I deeply regret to inform you that secret societies are spreading throughout the county, or rather the northwest part of it, and it is said that all creeds and grades of farmers are joining in this secret organization. Bodies of police are moving about in all directions; and altogether the aspect of society is entirely changed. These excellent landlords, Sir James Stuart, Bart., the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marquis of Conyngham, and several others, are exceedingly annoyed at the causes of all this excitement and disaffection, so unusual in Donegal."—*Evening Post.*

Dublin.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Mechanics' Institute was held at the Institute, Lower Abbey street—Mr. M. A. O'Brennan in the chair. The following letter from William S. O'Brien, Esq., was read by the secretary, dated Cahirmoyle, Jan. 15, 1858: "Sir—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 12th, I have to express my regret that it is quite impossible for me at present to name the point of time at which I shall be able to deliver a lecture to the Mechanics' Institute of Dublin. I must, therefore, limit myself to an assurance that I have not forgotten my promise, and will apprise you by due notice of my readiness to fulfil it as soon as circumstances shall favor that intention." The Chairman's suggestion, that a class for the study of Irish should be added to those already in existence, was confirmed.—*Nation.*

Mr. Sergeant O'Brien, M. P., has been appointed to the vacancy in the Queen's Bench created by the death of Judge Moore. This appointment has caused a vacancy in the representation of Limerick City. Mr. Rickard Deasy, Q. C., and M. P. for the county Cork, has been appointed third Sergeant, in the room of Sergeant O'Brien, promoted to the vacant seat on the bench in the Court of Queen's Bench, caused by the death of Mr. Justice Moore.

Kerry.

The operative bakers of Tralee held a meeting, recently, with a view to effect a discontinuance of night work—a species of "white slavery" which they very properly denounce as not only "destructive of health," but "demoralizing" in its effects.

Longford.

The Rev. John O'Reilly, C. C., Longford, ended his earthly career on Friday, 15th January, at the residence of his father, Ballymachugh, county Cavan. In the five short years of his sacred ministry he earned for himself, by his zeal, an abiding memory in the hearts of a grateful people.

Louth.

Miss O'Hagan, sister of J. O'Hagan, Esq., barrister-at-law, Miss Donagh, and another young lady, were received at the Sienna Convent, Drogheda. The Lord Primate presided on the occasion.

Mayo.

E. H. M'Evoy, M.P. for Meath, who had been, together with a large party, enjoying the hospitalities of G. H. Moore, Esq., at Moorehall, met with a rather serious accident whilst out shooting. It appears that in the discharge of the fowling piece of one of the party, some stray grains hit Mr. M'Evoy, and one grain was lodged in the eye, but fortunately it only grazed the eye-ball, so that, together with the prompt and skilful treatment of Dr. Turner, good grounds for hope are left that the sight will be preserved. Some others of the party narrowly escaped. —*Tuam Herald.*

The lands of Drumscobe and Bonnefinglas, containing 323 statute acres, subject to £50 per annum, were sold by auction recently, after a spirited competition, for £2,300, the purchaser also paying the auction fees. The same property was sold in the Incumbered Estates Court, in July last, for £2,000.

Monaghan.

The following particulars we find in the *Newry Examiner:* "We regret to learn that a most ferocious attack was made by a man named M'Ardle, who has recently returned from Australia, on the respected parish priest of Castleblaney, the Rev. Mr. M'Meele. It appears that while the reverend gentleman was superintending some improvements in the chapel yard he was attacked by M'Ardle, who was armed with a butcher's knife. The reverend gentleman, in warding off the blows with a stick, received severe injuries of the arm. M'Ardle was apparently in a maniacal state, arising, in all probability, from excessive indulgence in ardent liquor." We are extremely happy to learn, as will be our readers, that the Very Rev. Mr. M'Meele is speedily recovering from the effects of the recent assault perpetrated on him, notwithstanding the severity and number of the wounds he received.

Roscommon.

The Patrons and subscribers to the *Roscommon Journal* have, through F. M'Donnell, Esq., the respected town magistrate, presented Mr. E. Tully, with a beautiful new Britannia printing press, which cost sixty guineas, as a mark of their approval of the independent manner in which he has conducted that journal for the last 32 years.

Tipperary.

As a carman from Thurles, named John Connors, was returning home from Clonmel, he was attacked near Orchardstown, on the public road, by three men who annexed £13 from him, and then made off through the fields without doing him any further injury.

Waterford.

We had the pleasure of witnessing the launch of an iron paddle steamer, which is named the Gipsey. She is intended to ply on this river, in conjunction with the Shamrock and the Duncannon. She was built at the Neptune Iron Works, under the superintendence of Mr. Horne, and her boilers and engines will be constructed here, in fact everything belonging to her. Active preparations are being made at the works for laying down another large steamer.—*Mail.*

Wexford.

It is with deep sorrow we have to announce the death, at the Parochial House, Piercestown, of the Rev. Patrick Keating, P.P., after a brief suffering, but from a complaint of many years standing. Among the clergy of this distinguished diocese, the reverend and lamented deceased held a high and honored place in the estimation of not only those who had the pleasure of his more immediate friendship, but of his slightest acquaintance.—*Independent.*

A DEMENTED ENGLISHMAN.

An English fellow, driven almost to such desperation as to endanger the safety of his throat at his own hands, has sent the following specimen of balderdash and braggadocio to the Editor of the *Nation:*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.
Douglas Arms Hotel, Castle Douglas,
January 11th, 1858.

SIR:—I have just read your comment upon what you are pleased to term the "Defeat and Retreat" of our forces in India. I could not refrain from reading it aloud in presence of three Irishmen; all of them pronounced it a tissue of lies. You must be either a notorious impostor or a cowardly vagabond, to advocate the cause of those women-slayers, the Sepoys, who delight in the murder of defenceless women and innocent babes. Why don't you go over and join them?—not act like a cowardly hypocrite, and express your delight in hearing of their unmanly and beastly actions. If you have a spark of pluck, give your name in the *Nation*, and name a time and place, that I may meet you, and try what you are made of. Whether you accede to my request or not, I shall take my course and ferret you out of your den. Now, my Sepoy champion, prepare to meet me in a few days. Yours most surely,

GEO. W. SMITH.

To this modest but truly English-like epistle the Editor replies in such significant terms as almost to preclude the necessity of the Englishman becoming his own executioner, should he make his threatened attempt. He says:

As to our "name"—we are "known in the world" by the title of "Alexander M. Sullivan." We are to be found any day, except Thursdays and Sundays, in the editor's room of the *Nation* Office, 6 Lower Abbey street, Dublin. The height from the office window to the street is about eighteen feet. The flags beneath are very hard—Dalkey granite, we believe.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH HISTORY.

LIMERICK—ITS HISTORY—ITS SIEGES, AND ITS VIOLATED TREATY.

The name of Limerick, distinguished in history as the "City of the Violated Treaty," awakens a train of reminiscences, as dear to the Irish heart, as they are deeply interesting to the general reader. From an early period, this celebrated city held a high rank among the cities of Ireland, and was second only to that of the capital. Before its walls the Anglo-Normans were defeated; the sturdy Ironsides of Cromwell were repulsed, and the victorious legions of William III. were taught to respect Irish valor.

Like most of the Irish seaports it was during the ninth and tenth centuries in the possession of those troublesome enemies of Ireland, the Danes. Between these fierce invaders and the native inhabitants, many sanguinary contests took place, and no long interval of peace was allowed until the race of the sea kings was expelled from the country. At this period Limerick was a place of much importance; for at the time of the invasion of the English, it was the capital of the province, and the seat of the kings of Thomond, or North Munster, who were called the kings of Limerick. During the troubles that followed the invasion, the city was alternately in the possession of the English and the Irish; but on the death of Strongbow it was restored to the keeping of the native prince, who agreed to govern it in the name of the King of England. The famous castle, built by King John more than six centuries ago, still endures, having survived the many assaults which the city has subsequently sustained. In the reign of Elizabeth, Limerick shared the vicissitudes of the period, and during the contest between Charles I. and the parliament, the city became the scene of a fierce and bloody battle. During the Commonwealth, Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell, invested Limerick and besieged it closely for six months. The city finally capitulated, and a treaty was signed granting to the inhabitants their lives and their property, excepting twenty individuals, including the brave Governor O'Neil. The city was then delivered to the deputy-general, "for the use of the Parliament and the Commonwealth of England." The sufferings of the garrison and the inhabitants were almost incredible. The troops had the appearance rather of skeletons than of men, so far were they reduced by disease and incessant labors. Many of them dropped dead as they advanced without the city to the spot where they were directed to deposit their arms. In conformity with the ruthless practice of the period, Ireton immediately proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon those who had been most active in the defence of the city. A strict search was made for those who were exempted from the terms of the capitulation. O'Brien, the Bishop of Emily, together with General Purcel and "Francis Wolfe the friar," were found concealed in the pest-house, and after undergoing a sham trial by court-martial were inhumanly executed. The bishop was distinguished not only for his exalted piety, but equally for his patriotism and courage. To his activity and persuasive eloquence were mainly attributable the resolution with which the garrison so long defended the city. It is related that Ireton during the siege offered him forty thousand pounds and a passport to any other kingdom, if he would leave the city. He refused this offer heroically, in consequence of which he was exempted from pardon, and condemned to be beheaded. He bore his sentence with resignation, and behaved in his last moments with the most manly courage. He addressed Ireton in the spirit of prophecy; accusing him of the utmost cruelty and injustice, he declared that he should meet him in a few days before the tribunal of God. And so it happened. Ireton having soon caught the plague which had for some time raged in the city, died on the eighth day after the execution of the bishop, raging and uttering in his last moments that his untimely end was a just judgment of his cruel and unjust condemnation of the illustrious prelate. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, escaped in the disguise of a common soldier; and the life of O'Neill, the governor of the city, whose brave and heroic conduct gained even the admiration of his judges, was spared by a single voice.

Having taken this hasty glance at the sad picture presented by the annals of Limerick, from the day that the Anglo-Normans set foot on the shores of Ireland, we come to a more conspicuous and more important page in its history, wherein are recorded the resistance made to the arms of William III., and "the violated treaty," which resulted from the subsequent surrender of the city. The battle of the Boyne had been fought, and James II., the cowardly king, had quitted Ireland, and taken refuge in France. William now determined to prosecute the war with redoubled energy. Accordingly, in August, 1690, he concentrated his forces and sat down before the city, and summoned it to surrender. To this, Boileau, the French general who commanded the garrison in the name of James, returned a resolute refusal. The siege was at once commenced. The city was amply supplied with provisions, and was well garrisoned. Its natural strength had been considerably augmented; it was fortified by walls, batteries, and ramparts, and defended by a castle. The flower of the Irish army was within its walls, or in its immediate neighborhood. Among the Irish officers, Sarsfield, whom James had created Earl of Lucan, was the most distinguished. For intrepidity, heroic valor, and patriotism, Sarsfield had few equals, and had he been entrusted with the chief command, history might have to record a different termination to the war. Many instances are recorded of his bold and adventurous daring, and of the skill with which he executed the most hazardous exploits.

On one occasion, having learned from a deserter that the English were sending a large supply of artillery stores from Dublin to the camp before Limerick, Sarsfield resolved to intercept the convoy; and for that purpose set out with a chosen body of 500 horse. He lurked during the day among the mountains, and at night when the English had turned their horses loose to graze, and were sleeping in fancied security, the Irish dragoons burst in upon them with a terrific shout, and slew or made prisoners of the whole party. Sarsfield, however, finding it impossible to convey the prize to Limerick, spiked the cannon and buried them in the earth; then collecting all the stores into one vast pile over the powder taken in the train, he applied a match and blew the entire collection into fragments. The shock produced by the explosion was plainly felt in the English camp, which was only a few miles distant. Sarsfield, taking with him the horses of the enemy, and being well acquainted with the passes of the mountain, easily made has way back to Limerick, though large bodies of the English troops were on the alert to intercept him.

This bold adventure amazed the prince of Orange; and he was heard to say that he did not think Sarsfield capable of so able a manœuvre. The siege, however, was continued with the utmost vigor. Thirty pieces of artillery played incessantly upon the walls. A breach was at length effected and a body of six thousand men mounted to the assault, but they were met by the brave defenders, and hurled back with a heavy loss. The breach was increased, and the enemy returned with augmented numbers and resolution to a second assault; again they were repulsed, not only with the loss of many lives, but were even pursued to their very camp. Discouraged by these defeats, the siege was abandoned for the present, and the

English army under General Ginkle marched to Birr, having set fire to the houses in which the sick and wounded were confined.

This was previous to the battle of Aughrim, in which the commander of the Irish forces, Saint Ruth, was killed. After this disastrous battle the Irish forces, under the command of D'Usson and Sarsfield, again retired to Limerick, to which the English under General Ginkle again laid siege, and carried it on with the most determined vigor. Night and day the cannon and bombs were discharged against the place. It was defended with equal resolution and bravery by the besieged, but at length the provisions of the garrison being exhausted, the Irish generals thought it more prudent to accept the conditions proposed by the enemy and save what troops remained, than to perish by famine. Accordingly a treaty was entered into and signed on the 13th of October, 1691, on terms the most honorable to the vanquished. Scarcely had the treaty been signed when the assistance which the Irish army hourly expected arrived. Only two days after the date of that instrument, a French fleet, having on board a large supply of men, arms, and ammunition, cast anchor in the Shannon. But Irish honor was pledged, and this honor must remain inviolable. No offers, however flattering, could induce the Irish leaders to violate the treaty, though the power to do so was entirely within their reach.

By the terms of the treaty the inhabitants of Limerick, including the garrison, had full permission, not only to leave the city, but also the kingdom, if they thought proper, and to take with them all their chattels, plate, jewels, &c. Vessels were even provided for conveying them and their property to any foreign country. The English generals had thought that but very few would be willing to go into exile, but they were surprised to witness the number that prepared to share the fate of their king, and enter the service of a foreign prince, rather than submit to the laws of usurpation at home. The Irish army, according to agreement, was drawn up outside the city near Quinn Abbey. The English generals, and other officers of high rank, advanced from the British camp to meet them, and rode slowly along the line, and were received with music and presented arms. It was agreed by the rival commanders that the troops should be addressed by the leaders on both sides, and then at a given signal they should march by a flag raised at a certain point, where all those who wished to enlist in the English service should file off; while all those who desired to embark for France should proceed onward. Sarsfield gave the word, "march." Profound silence reigned throughout the whole mass; no sound was heard except the steady tramp of the Irish soldiers as they advanced, until the solemnity of the scene was broken by the shouts of the multitude when the advanced battalion, "the royal regiment of guards," fourteen hundred strong, reached the flag-staff; and all with the exception of seven—passed on! Of the whole Irish army only three thousand chose to remain in the country, and many of these obtained permission to return to their homes. The remainder, to the number of nearly twenty thousand, subsequently embarked for France, and laid the foundation of the famous "Irish brigades," which occupied so distinguished a position in the subsequent wars of Europe.

The treaty of Limerick having been signed, was subsequently ratified by their Majesties William and Mary, and every solemnity given to the instrument which was thought necessary to render its articles inviolable. We come now to see how flagrantly its provisions were violated by the British government. This treaty most solemnly guaranteed to the Catholics of Ireland the most ample freedom in the exercise of their religion, declaring that no oath should be required of them, except that of allegiance. The very first section of the treaty declared that:

"The Roman Catholics of Ireland shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion . . . . as they did in the reign of Charles II.: and their Majesties (William and Mary), as soon as these affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom (Ireland), will endeavor to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance on account of their said religion."

But scarcely were these promises made upon paper, when they were faithlessly broken. The treaty was vehemently denounced by the Anglo-Irish, as "unreasonably favorable," and as securing from confiscation the property of such of the Catholics as had escaped the Cromwellian forfeiture. Not a few openly declared that a treaty with Catholics was not binding. Bigotry and interest combined to render the compact nugatory. An open disregard for its provisions was wide-spread among the partisans of the king, and no effort was made on the part of the government to secure its fulfilment. A year had scarcely elapsed when an act of parliament was passed declaring that "no Roman Catholic should come to dwell in or inhabit the city or suburbs of Limerick or the town of Galway, and the then Roman Catholic residents should depart out of said city and town" within a given time. By the provisions of the statute, called "an act to prevent the increase of popery," passed within three years after the ratification of the treaty, it was prohibited under pain of *præmunire* to convert any one to the Catholic faith, or for Catholics to send their children abroad to be educated, while Catholic colleges and schools were interdicted, and Catholics prohibited from teaching under the most rigorous penalties. At almost every subsequent meeting of Parliament, the Catholics experienced new proofs of severity. In 1697, all archbishops, bishops and other ecclesiastics, as well as all members of religious orders, were commanded to quit the kingdom by the 1st of May the following year; and it was ordained that all those who should be discovered after the expiration of that period, should be imprisoned in the public jail until they could be sent beyond the seas, and if any one had the boldness to return, he was declared guilty of high treason.

Thus were the Catholics of Ireland treated in defiance of the provisions of the most solemn compact. The perfidy of England in her flagrant violation of this treaty, stands forth in bold relief; no words can excuse it; no language can palliate it. The name of Limerick, the "city of the violated treaty," will perpetuate it while language shall endure. —*Metropolitan Magazine for February.*

GOVERNMENT SPIES IN IRELAND.

The spy and informer has always found encouragement in the bloody annals of Ireland's distress; but in the time of the Rebellion there was a systematic arrangement of villany and fraud, which gave importance to the situation of those detestable monsters; and by identifying them in some degree with the government of the day, raised them to a rank and importance in the political scale, in proportion to the sanguinary duties, which none but the most infamous and abandoned could be found to perform. Hence the life of the most respectable individual was not a moment secure when personal resentment or political intrigue had marked him the victim of suspicion and revenge. These hired monsters and traffickers in human blood lived under the countenance and protection of power, and assumed an authority and importance which was but too often and too fatally felt. Depraved by nature, and familiarized to the most appalling scenes of distress, they sinned with impunity against every law human and divine, and were regarded with that horror by their fellow-men, which, were it possible to form the idea, the virtuous soul might be supposed to feel, should it come in contact with the damned. Those reckless ruffians, who rioted on the unhallowed hire of perjury and blood, fabricated plots, feigned conspiracies, and in the hour of Ireland's distress perpetrated more misery than was even inflicted by the sword. Families were made desolate, and whole districts laid waste, while the informer and the executioner walked hand in hand; and from the infamous testimony of the most depraved and abandoned of men, virtue and innocence found no appeal. Oh! if ever horror appalled the human heart, it was on the exhibition of a scene the most revolting to human nature. The informer had singled out his victim, and the executioner had performed his office; the head had been severed from the lifeless trunk,—but another object was to undergo the disgusting operation; it was the body of a comely youth, which the afflicted mother, after its suspension, had received into her arms. She had borne his death with the fortitude which Christian resignation imparts, but fell senseless at the mutilation of her darling child—while the unfeeling executioner, with the most hardened composure, in extricating the body from the mother's lifeless grasp, placed the knife, reeking with the blood of his former victim, in a horizontal position across his mouth, and grinned the most hellish smile of self-approbation at the adroitness with which he performed his brutal office.—*The Irish Rebellion.*

MURILLO'S GREAT PAINTING OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Murillo's great painting of the Immaculate Conception, now and for some time past on exhibition at the store of Messrs. Williams & Stephens in Broadway, has caused an intense flutter among certain members of the Protestant persuasion. It is impossible to reconcile those parties to the fact that this production of the great Murillo is what he really intended it to represent. They wriggle, confound, equivocate, urge all species of false and unreliable testimony in order to establish a belief that the picture was intended to represent the "Assumption," the "Salutation," in fact anything you please save and except what the artist painted it to represent, while a few more ridiculously absurd that the rest contend that the painting is not a Murillo at all, though they carefully avoid assuming that it is the production of any other among the great masters.

The whole secret lies here, that these people entertain so decided an antipathy to the great dogma of the Immaculate Conception, that they are unwilling to recognize even the term. It is, of course, unnecessary to inform the Catholic community that from an early age the Church recognized the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, though not imposing it as an article of faith until our own day: It was preached and contended for by the majority of the great lights of the Church, and by none more energetically than our own great countryman, John Dun Scotus, in the first years of the fourteenth century, both from his chair in Oxford College and in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame. The following article from the *Courier and Enquirer* regarding the subject of the painting in question will be read with much attention, and cannot fail—coming from the source it does—of dissipating the erroneous notions which have been promulgated regarding the painting very considerably. The writer very truly and wittily remarks that the only Assumption involved in the case is the assumption of superior knowledge on the part of certain individuals, which we may be allowed to complete by the addition of the word *presumption*. Here is the *Courier's* article:

Mr. Aspinwall's Murillo continues to attract throngs of visitors to the rooms of Messrs. Williams, Stevens & Williams; and the interest naturally excited by the presence of an original work of this size and character by so eminent a master does not abate. The picture is still the frequent subject of conversation in cultivated and well informed circles; but the discussion to which it gives rise is, strangely enough, quite as much as to the subject which the painter undertook to represent as upon the merits of his production. Many who, in virtue of their travel and their education, profess to be authorities upon the subject, and who certainly should know something about it if knowledge always accompanied opportunities, announce with a smile of mingled complacency and pity that those who call the picture *The Immaculate Conception* are sadly in error; that it represents, on the contrary, *The Assumption of the Virgin*; and on Saturday an authoritative communication, to which a prominent position was awarded in the columns of the *Evening Post*, asks, in a critical agony of dilettant-ism, if this work is called *The Immaculate Conception* only "that all American recognition of high art must be made ridiculous by some absurd blunder." We have observed similar remarks in the columns of other journals, and have heard not a few similar griefs expressed in private circles by persons who should have known better; but, the question being one about which there is no shadow of doubt, we have not hitherto thought them worthy of attention; and we now notice them only because the discussion has become so general, and because the picture was first spoken of in these columns (in an article which appeared on the morning of the day when it was first exhibited) as *The Immaculate Conception*.

There is some difficulty in the way of explaining the exact nature of the mistake made by those who insist that the subject of the picture cannot be what it is; because their error starts from the strange supposition that the painter undertook to represent a physiological fact; whereas he sought only to embody a theological dogma,—to wit, the sinless nature of the Virgin Mary. Writing, therefore, for the public eye, we must needs state rather what the subject of the picture is, than what it is not. As to the dogma referred to, it is only necessary to remark, that after being held and advocated for centuries by many leading theologians, and believed by large bodies of Christians, and especially in Spain, where the Franciscan friars who were its chief supporters had great power, it was at last established in 1617 by two bulls of Pope Paul V., who instituted an Office commemorating the Immaculate Conception, and forbidding any one to teach a contrary belief. The delight of the Spaniards at this decision passed into their language, and has been perpetuated in their daily salutations. *Ave Maria purissima*, says one Spaniard on meeting another; and according to Mr. Jameson, the reply is, *Sin pecado concepida* (conceived without taint of sin)—but our own observation is, that this reply is omitted.

There are no pictures of the Immaculate Conception by painters of the early or even the middle period of modern art. Leonardo Raphael, Titian, Corregio, Andrea del Sarto, Domenichino, the Caracci, and their contemporaries, not to speak of the genuine Pre-Raphaelite, painted no Immaculate Conceptions, but Assumptions they did paint without number. Guido was the first Italian, and we believe the first painter, who embodied the dogma; and he was court painter to Paul V. and a contemporary of Murillo. In Spain the subject immediately became a favorite with devotees of art and religion; and Pacheco, a Spanish writer on Art, in a work published in 1649, laid down a formula, (for all religious subjects there was originally a formula,) according to which the Immaculate Conception was to be painted. Of this formula Mrs. Jameson, in whose *Legends of the Madonna* the curious reader will find the subject examined in detail, gives the following version:

"It is evident that the idea is taken from the woman in the Apocalypse 'clothed with the Sun, having the Moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve Stars.' The Virgin is to be portrayed in the first spring and bloom of youth, as a maiden of about twelve or thirteen years of age; with 'grave, sweet eyes;' her hair golden; her features 'with all the beauty painting can express;' her hands are to be folded on her bosom, or joined in prayer. The Sun is to be expressed by a flood of light around her. The Moon under her feet is to have the horns pointing downwards because illuminated from above, and the twelve Stars are to form a crown over her head. The robe must be of spotless white; the mantle or scarf blue. Round her are to hover cherubim bearing roses, palms and lilies; the head of the bruised and vanquished dragon is to be under her feet."

With this formula it will be observed the picture which is the subject of discussion, corresponds, except in two or three minor points, one of which—the Dragon—Pacheco himself does not consider essential. Murillo usually painted the dark hair of his model, sometimes turned the points of the crescent upward, and often omitted the crown of stars. This he did partly in that spirit of freedom which must enter art to make its productions living things, and partly because, being called upon to paint this subject so many times that he has even been designated as the painter of the Immaculate Conception, he wished to introduce variety into his treatment of it. He also expressed in the countenance of the Virgin, (who, be it especially noted, is represented in none of her relations to her mother, and is herself yet of unmarriageable years,) something more than mere girlish innocence and beauty, devotion, aspiration, and an humble consciousness of high destiny. Yet he in no respect ventures to be inconsistent with or regardless of the prime motive of the picture, which is to represent, as far as possible, a creature who, though born of woman, inherited no taint of original sin; nor did he, or any other painter of the subject, ever so far vary from the spirit or the letter of Pacheco's formula that a competent person could ever mistake an Immaculate Conception for an Assumption. In an Assumption the Virgin appears triumphant not meekly submissive; matronly, not unmarriageable; her arms are raised and her hands upturned to heaven, not crossed upon her breast or folded in prayer; her drapery is voluminous, fluttering as she rises through the air, and of many colors, not clinging and ever of white and blue only; and as she is borne upward, she leaves behind her apostolic and saintly figures, some of whom usually look into her open tomb, while in an Immaculate Conception she herself is the only human being represented as an essential part of the composition.

The name of this subject is in full "Our Lady of Immaculate Conception," *i. e.* (as the misapprehension of the title obliges us to explain) Our Lady into whose nature entered no human taint. But for the sake of brevity the subject has almost from the beginning been called, The Immaculate Conception. In evidence of this it should be sufficient to refer to the universal usage among painters and connoisseurs of Art, and to the titles which appear upon the numberless prints published in Europe from famous paintings by Murillo, Guido and others. But to leave no room for cavil upon a point, the superfluous establishment of which has been in a manner forced upon us, we direct attention to the following authorities upon it:

"In 1670 he (Murillo) finished his celebrated *Immaculate Conception* for the Church of the Venerables at Seville.—O'Neil's *Spanish Painters*. Lond.: 1833, vol. 1, p. 263.

We do not know whether it is this picture, or another, "*The Immaculate Conception* in the Royal Gallery of the Prado" noticed on p. 279 of the same volume, which is now in the Louvre, and which our next quotation concerns:

"The greater part of Marshall's Soult's Murillos have been before adverted to; it should be said that he has also a most glorious specimen of the favcrite Andalusian subject—the *Immaculate Conception*—a picture which displays the painter's excellencies as strongly as any other in the whole collection."

"—but that which surpasses them all in grace and loveliness, is another *Immaculate Conception* likewise by his (Murillo's) hand, put up in that part of the Church allotted to the choristers behind the great altar, from its beauty and the gracefulness of the Angels who sustain her on the throne." "—and another *Immaculate Conception*, equal to any by him in Seville, as much for its beauty of color as its good effect and contrast of the *claro obscuro*."—*Letter of* Cean Bermudez *on the School of Seville*, &c.—Cadiz, 1806. Translated by Thomas Davies, London, 1810, sec. xv., xvi.

In the *Diccionario Historico de las Bellas Artes*, published in Madrid in 1800, there are special references to ten other Immaculate Conceptions (*concepcion purissima*) painted by Murrillo, as also to two of the very few Assumptions that he painted. But we opine that it is needful for us to propound nothing further touching this topic; and that they who have been so ready to dogmatize with regard to a dogma that they did not understand, will at last have discovered that whatever may be the title of Mr. Aspinwall's picture, he has been instrumental in exhibiting at least one Conception—to wit, their mis-conception; and that the only Assumption in the case is their own assumption of superior knowledge.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

CONTRIVANCE FOR THE DETECTION OF BURGLARS.—Mr. T. Turner, of Wolverhampton, has originated an ingenious device for the detection of burglars. It is described as remarkably simple in design, inexpensive in construction, and capable of being affixed at a trifling cost, either to buildings already erected or to new ones. Its action is nearly identical with the spring bell, now in common use. It is impossible to open a window or door, to which it is attached, without immediately setting the indicator in motion—the alarm bell is rung, a light struck, and the face of the instrument indicates the actual door or window disturbed. Consequently, any building supplied with it enjoys an absolute immunity from the ordinary class of burglarious attempts—no entrance being possible without disturbing the inmates. Its form and appearance it is similar to a clock face or the dial of an electric telegraph. It is intended to be fixed up in the bedrooms, and is so contrived that no door, window, or gate, to which the wires connected with it are attached, can be opened without an instantaneous alarm being given by the ringing of a bell; at the same time a match is struck, which enables the inmates, by the face of the indicator, to know what particular apartment has been entered, and also to trace the progress of the unlawful visitor through the premises.

QUEEN'S ELIZABETH'S VANITY.—In her own Court, Queen Elizabeth was not satisfied to preside. She could as ill endure a competitor in celebrity of charms as in power. She arrogated to herself all the incense around her; and, in point of adulation, she was like the daughter of the horse leech, whose cry was—"Give! give!" Her insatiate vanity would have been ludicrous, if it had not produced such atrocious consequences. This was the predominant weakness of her character, which neutralized her talents, and was pampered, till in its excess it became a madness and a vice. This precipitated the fate of her lovely rival Mary Queen of Scots. This elevated the profligate Leicester to the pinnacle of favor, and kept him there, sullied as he was by every baseness and every crime; this hurried Essex to the block; banished Southampton; and sent Raleigh and Elizabeth Throckmorton to the Tower. Did one of her attendants, more beautiful than the rest, attract the notice or homage of any of the gay cavaliers around her—was an attachment whispered, a marriage projected—it was enough to throw the whole Court into consternation. "Her Majesty, the Queen, was in a passion;" and then—Heaven help the offenders! It was the spirit of Harry VIII. let loose again.—*Jennings.*

HORRORS OF FAMINE.—In 539, the year of the invasion of Italy by Theodebert, occurred a season of dreadful famine. In the March of Ancona alone more than 50,000 persons are stated to have perished from hunger; and the Tuscans were driven to feed on acorns. Procopius was a personal witness of its horrors. He saw starving wretches fling themselves down upon herbs and grasses, and make a faint attempt to tear them from the ground; but their enfeebled strength often failed them, and they expired in the effort. He saw their bodies left, as they fell, to blacken in the sun, and displaying corruption in its most hideous forms. Yet the ghastly aspect of the dead was exceeded by that of the survivors. Their livid hue is compared to the color of an extinguished torch, and their skin seemed closely adhering to the bones. Their haggard features were distorted with a wild and fearful expression, and a gleam of maniac fury shone forth from their hollow eyes. Sometimes their lips were seen to drip with blood from devouring the severed limbs of their lifeless companions; yet even the birds of prey turned from the carcasses, after seeking in vain for some nourishment in those dry and wasted remains.—*Lord Mahon's Life of Belisarius.*

A TRADE PROCESSION IN VENICE.—It was opened by the smiths, who, with garlands and flowers, marched with flags in their hands to the sound of musical instruments. Next came the skinners, attired in robes of taffeta and other stuffs, and displaying the choicest specimens of their own manufactures. The skinners were followed in successive order by the tanners, the barbers, the hosiers, the drapers, the gold-cloth workers, the weavers, and the tailors, the last of whom were sumptuously dressed in white, with mantels lined with fur. The gold-cloth workers were apparelled in the precious material, by the manufacture of which they earned their subsistence. Nor was the costume of the mercers, the glass-blowers, the fishmongers, the butchers, and the victuallers less splendid and costly. Some were clothed in suits of red, some in scarlet, others, again, in yellow. And the members of the corporations, which formed the procession, mostly bore some token or badge of the calling to which they belonged, with the single exception, as it appears, of the drapers, who merely carried olive-branches in their hands.

A FRENCH OPINION OF THE GERMANS.—To converse with a German is not difficult; he has two weaknesses—nature and tobacco. Offer him a cigar or speak to him of the sky, the sea, or the mountains, and you come round him by his vices or his virtues. I have the misfortune not to smoke, but I fall back upon Heaven. Wunderschon (wonderfully fine!) I cry, showing him the meadows dotted with trees glittering in verdure; Wunderschon is in German what (if we may believe Figora) "Goddem," is in English; it is the key of the whole language. —*M. Laboulaye.*

INSCRIPTION ON A GRAVESTONE IN 1343.—At a burying place called Ahade, in the county of Donegal, there was lately dug up a piece of flat stone, about three feet by two, the device on which was a figure of death, with a bow and arrow, shooting at a woman with a boy in her arms; and underneath was an inscription in Irish characters, of which the following is a correct translation: "Here are deposited, with the design of mingling them with the parent earth from which the mortal parts came, a mother who loved her son to the destruction of his death. She clasped him to her besom with all the joy of a parent, the pulse of whose heart beat with maternal affection; and the very moment whilst the gladness of joy danced in the pupil of the boy's eyes, and the mother's bosom swelled with transport, death's arrow, in a flash of lightning, pierced them both in a vital part, and totally dissolving the entrails of the son, without injuring his skin, and burning to a cinder the liver of the mother, sent them out of this world at one and the same moment of time in the year 1343."

A MAN PRECIPITATED FORTY FEET.—Recently, as the men of the Royal Sussex Militia were at light infantry drill on a spot contiguous to the citadel at Dover, one of the men perceived lying at the bottom of a neighboring entrenchment the body of a soldier, who, it was evident, must have met with some accident. On further investigation it was found that the poor fellow was a private of the 25th Regiment, who was lying in an exhausted yet not senseless condition. It was ascertained that he had fallen a distance of about forty feet, having been lying at the spot where he was discovered since the preceding evening, when the accident happened to him. The necessary appliances for removing the injured man were supplied by the barrack-sergeant of the citadel, and he was at once conveyed to the military hospital, when it was discovered that he had sustained a fracture of an arm and of a leg, besides other injuries; but, notwithstanding these serious hurts, it was reported that the medical men held out chances of his recovery.

PROLIFIC SPEAKERS.—Scotchmen are not merely prolific when looked at from the Registrar-General's point of view; they are prolific in most things. They are prolific speakers. The amount of palaver that takes place in a Scotch kirk session or a Scotch town council passes knowledge. It is a luxury that can be had cheap. It costs them nothing and certainly they don't grudge it. I once attended a council meeting where the subject under discussion was, whether an additional six-and-eightpence should be given to the parish beadle. The *wut*, wisdom, eloquence, and loquacity of that meeting will haunt us to our dying day. They sat six mortal hours, abused each other like pickpockets, and then, on the motion from a corpulent bailie, adjourned the discussion till the following month. So the unlucky beadle did not get his increase of salary for another month at least; probably he has not got it yet. For anything I know to the contrary, they may have talked on till this very day.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SCENE AT THE SORBONNE.—The Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* relates the following incident: "M. de Saint Marc Girardin having occasion, in one of his lessons at the Sorbonne, to speak of the state of civilization in ancient times, alluded to the tribunals and courts of the Jews, and incidentally mentioning Pontius Pilate, he made use of the following phrase: 'He was, after all, when he washed his hands of the blood of the Innocent—and yet let the crime be committed—he was after all a public functionary, a magistrate who was desirous not to lose his place.' The words were not out of the lecturer's mouth when the entire audience, with one shout of delight, applied the words to M. Dupin, and such a violent tumult of applause ensued that for ten minutes silence could not be re-obtained. The next day this scene was related at the Tuileries, and the cant name for Dupin at this moment amongst all the court entourage is Pontius Pilate."

WHERE TO BUILD A BIG SHIP.—A Glasgow paper suggests the great quarry hole at Granton, near Edinburgh. It is close to the sea-shore; so close, in fact, that a higher tide than usual broke the embankment a few years ago, and filled the quarry with salt water. It is quite deep enough to hold a ship much bigger than the Leviathan, and large enough to hold anything that is likely to be built of iron. It has perpendicular sides, which would enable all the materials to be run close and lowered down, instead of being hoisted—a most important consideration when it comes to hoisting 10,000 tons of iron and timber, to say nothing of fittings. The water in the quarry could easily be pumped out, and a gate constructed. When the ship was completed, all that would be requisite would be to dig a short canal in the sand—to let the water in—float the ship, and move her out at once to sea.

BURNING RATS ALIVE.—The following curious but cruel custom is occasionally practised in the vaults of the warehouses and on board the vessels in the harbor of Kingston-upon-Hull. A rat having been caught alive in a wire trap, is dipped into strong spirit, and a lighted match having been applied, the burning animal is turned loose near one of its haunts; it is supposed that rats have places of rendezvous, where they congregate when danger is threathened, and that the shrieking, half-roasted wretch seeks one of these places, and so terrifies its fellows by its cries and appearance, that they ever afterwards refrain from visiting the vault or vessel.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—The head of Sir Walter Raleigh, after his decapitation, was put into a red leather bag, over which his velvet nightgown was thrown, and the whole was then conveyed away in a mourning coach provided by Lady Raleigh, who is reported to have preserved this sad memorial in a case, during her entire widowhood, twenty-nine years, prior to her son Carew obtaining it on her decease, who also kept it by him as his mother had done, and is said to have it interred with him at Horsley. In 1703 a head was dug up in that churchyard, from the side of a grave where a Carew Raleigh was buried, there being no body, nor room for any, the rest of that side of the grave being firm chalk. An embalmed heart was also found under the floor of a room at Horsley, which had once been a chapel. It has been said that Carew carried about with him his father's heart.

EXTRAORDINARY MODE OF TRAVELLING.—The inhabitants of Crossmolina were lately astonished when they saw Mr. Edward Walsh, of Castlehill, and a friend of his, travelling in a "perambulator" at the rate of about eight miles an hour, without making the least effort to propel it, with hands or feet. They reached Crosmolina from Castlehill—a distance of three miles—within fifteen minutes. Mr. Walsh directed the machine on the road by a wheel in front, while his friend sat behind and managed a long cord, to which two large kites were attached, one of which was immensely high in the air, the other about half as high. It blew, at the time, a stiff breeze from the south. The cord was attached to a wheel which was placed in a box at the rear of the car, by which means the kites were lowered with the greatest ease—*Tyrawley Herald.*

RUSSIAN AGGRESSION.—Russia is decidedly bent on gaining elbow room eastwards, as all her efforts to extend her empire in the west of Europe are likely to be baffled. The river Amoor is now the object of all her care, and the Chinese war will be found less impassible than the Danube and the Balkan. Steamers are multiplied at Petropaulowski; the Lena and Amoor paddle-boats carry mails regularly from the confines of Siberia to the Pacific. Orders are being executed in America for more. Trade between California and the eastern end of the empire is developed. Comforts of civilized existence are now procurable in the neighborhood of Bhering's Straits, and Russian officials find the new establishment bearable.—*Paris Letter.*

PERSECUTION OF CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.—A persecution has commenced against the Christians, which seems to be more violent than any that has yet occurred. Thirteen persons have been put to death; between fifty and sixty had been subjected to the ordeal of the poisonous water, under which they had died, Nearly sixty were found in camps of whom two had died, while a number more had been reduced to slaves. The severity of the persecution rendering communication from the sufferers perilous, few particulars have as yet been received. The French and other foreigners have not been molested on their commercial pursuits on the coast.

GREAT DROUGHT IN GERMANY.—Accounts from the Hartz moontains state that the district of Clausthal is suffering from an unprecedented dearth of water; the natives had left off washing their hands and faces more than once a week, the authorities of the place having imposed a fine of two thalers on all laundresses who persist in pursuing their trade. Great quantities of cattle were dying from thirst, and a few of the community, who are unable to forego habits of cleanliness, use beer to perform their ablutions.

A CABINET COUNCIL IN RUSSIA.—"The Emperor Alexander," says the *Nord*, "has adopted another measure, which will, most probably, be attended by the best results. Hitherto the ministers presented their reports separately to his Majesty, which was inconvenient in many respects; but henceforth all the ministers are to meet once a week in council, under the presidency of the Emperor, and will discuss the questions which used to form the subject of the reports."

THE WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.—The brain comes to maturity at different ages in different persons; seldom before twenty; and sometimes, according to Dr. Gall, not before forty. A good-sized matured brain in man weighs three lbs. eight oz.; in woman, three lbs. four oz. The brain of distinguished men is often heavy—Cuvier's weighed three lbs. ten oz. four and a half drachms.

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.—She had a narrow escape of being buried alive. Eleven hours after the telegram reached Paris of her death she was still breathing. The operator who came to embalm first felt the carotid artery, and was startled to find pulsation; the truth was known at once, and she only died in the evening.

"THE GAY LOTHARIO."—This expression, doubtless, takes its rise from *Don Quixote*, where in the "Impertinent Curiosity" (a story inserted in the second part of that romance), Lothario is the name of one of the characters, who deceives his friend's wife.—*Notes and Queries.*

A brace of dwarfs arrived in Paris in the steamer from Hong Kong, and were paraded about this city in a fantastic little carriage, looking as though it were made by the fairies' coachmaker, to which was harnessed a team of atomies, ponies of such diminutive stature that they must have been brought from Liliput. Count Bacciochi has purchased these equinine marvels and presented them to the Prince Imperial as a New Year's gift.

The monument which the Emperor Alexander is about to erect to the memory of his father is being carried on with uninterrupted diligence. Professor Ramasanoff is occupied on four base reliefs, which are now nearly finished. The first represents the moment when Nicholas, during the military revolt on the 14th of Dec., 1825, entrusts his eldest son to the safe keeping of the castle sentinel; the second gives the appearance of the Emperor at the Haymarket of St. Petersburg at the time of the cholera disturbances; the third, the suppression of the Hungarian revolution under Georgey, at the moment when he hands over the Hungarian flag to a Russian general; and the fourth, the opening of the railway to Moscow.

An instance of the utility of a black silk handkerchief in cases of epilepsy occurred lately in Paris. A young girl fell down in the public streets in a strong epileptic fit. A crowd immediately collected around her, but for some moments nobody could think of any means of assistance. A sergent de ville, however, coming up and seeing what was the matter, asked a bystander to lend him a black silk neckcloth, and having obtained it he covered the girl's face with the silk, and in the course of a few seconds she began to recover. The convulsions ceased, consciousness returned, and in a short time she got up and walked quietly home, having first thanked the officer for his kindness.

A French ecclesiastic, the Abbe Raynal, who had an opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the Indians, wrote as follows: "The manners of the natives of India possess a tenderness and humanity approaching to weakness, and retain so inflexibly the character, that though grievously oppressed, their rulers have effected no change in their manners, laws, or religion." And again the same author declares—"To give a marked instance of this character—in an artificial famine raised by the English Company, in the year 1769 in Bengal three millions of human beings were destroyed in six weeks, without the smallest resistance or murmur except their groans."

For some time past an immense eagle was observed to frequent the rocky country near the village of Auribeau (Basses Alpes), and a young man, from whom it had taken off several lambs, lay in wait to get a shot at it. He managed so well that he was able to fire at it with ball just as it swooped down on a rabbit, and he succeeded in killing it almost instantaneously. It measured nearly nine feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

The *Montrose Standard* is now printed by water-power. The engine consists of two oscillating cylinders, with pistons acting on the shaft of a driving pulley, the pistons being moved by water, as those of a locomotive or other steam-engine are by steam. It differs from the steam-engine chiefly in the absence of sliding valves, which are inappropriate to the employment of water in the place of steam.

A new law has recently been passed in Denmark, prohibiting newspapers from copying the articles of other journals without giving credit for them. This speaks well for the Danish authorities. If a similar law were to be put in force here, the consequences would be disastrous to a great many newspapers, whose editors would be thrown upon their resources for original matter.

The ratification of the marriage treaty between the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William is being engrossed at Berlin, in duplicate, on parchment, for the signature of Queen Victoria and King Frederick William IV. The text is threefold, viz., in English, French, and German, and is being copied by a very skilful penman, who reckons on turning out a very creditable specimen of his skill.

The *Giornale di Roma* states that the total value of old pictures and statues exported from the Roman States in the course of 1857 was 25,666 scudi (the scudi is 5f. 35c.). The value of modern pictures and sculptures exported was 222,362 scudi, making a sum of 182,808 scudi in all. This, compared with the export of 1856, shows an increase of 117,746 scudi.

It appears from an official return that the losses by accidents at sea to the French commercial navy were three times more numerous during 1857 than during the preceding year. Last year 622 ships were totally lost; of which 82 sailed from, or were bound to, Marseilles; 67, Bordeaux; 38, Havre; 36, Nantes; 32, Bayonne.

Madame de Flemmern, an old lady (says the *Zurich Gazette*) blind for years past, and who had gone through a painful operation without benefit, was fondling a grandchild two years old, at the door of her cottage; the child gave her a violent thump in the eye, and she at once recovered perfect visual power.

Thirty thousand persons were bled in Naples after the earthquake, as the Neapolitans always have recourse to the lancet when they have received a shock to their nerves.

The Queen of Spain has ordered that 6,000 reals shall be given to every child born on the same day as the Prince of the Asturias, and 3,000 to children born on the day of his baptism.

The Queen of Spain announces in a speech on opening the Cortes, a bill for parliamentary reform, and another for ameliorating the laws of the press.

According to a Belgian paper, the funded property of the house of Rothschild, of Paris, amounts at present to 40 millions sterling!

A Circassian Chief, who has great influence over 400,000 of this people, is about to give in his adherence to Russia.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE AMERICAN HUSBAND.—In an article on unhappy marriages, one of our exchanges, after citing the various explanations which are given of the cause of them, says: "All of these causes, no doubt, contribute their quota to the general result; but we are inclined to think that there is a cause lying deeper and less thought of, which furnishes the key and feeds the fountain—though it works silently and unobserved—more freely and constantly than all or the others combined. The American husband cultivates too little those ornamental qualities which are dearer to women than house, dress, furniture, or costly apparel. He is deficient in imagination, and therefore lacks that element of romance, without which it is difficult to retain, however it may have been acquired, a lasting hold upon the affections of woman. Every woman would like to regard her husband as a hero; and when, after several years' intimate association, she wakes up to the fact that her male companion is merely a common-place ready reckoner, utterly deficient in sympathy with all her finer feelings, and her noblest aspirations, she feels as one suddenly wakened from a dream; and she must thenceforth sink down into a hopeless household drudge, or open other sources of sympathy. She has been imposed on—she feels it; and you can readily see that unless the wife is fortunate in providing for herself and for her more aspiring and hopeful nature the means of recovering her disappointed affections, there must be a new recruit added to the army who take rank as sharers in the unexplained mystery of unhappy marriages."

THE GRAVE OF PATRICK HENRY.—Until very recently—and the people not only of Virginia, but of the whole Union, should hear it with chagrin and sorrow—the grave of Patrick Henry has had no stone to mark its locality, no monument to invite the eye of pilgrims in search of that sacred shrine. The Richmond *Enquirer*, however, says that at last the pious and patriotic task has been undertaken, not by the State that proudly claims the maternity of him whose dauntless spirit and stirring eloquence awakened the slumbering spark and fanned the flame of American freedom—not by the nation that "boasts his name" and still reaps the reward of his services, but by the two surviving sons of that fearless and gifted champion of liberty. The *Enquirer* thus describes the tombstone just placed over the remains: It consists simply of a solid wall of fine sandstone, quarried on the place, nine feet ten inches square, and two feet high, with a superstructure six feet square, twenty-two inches high, with marble slabs projecting over the sides. On one of the slabs is inscribed: "Patrick Henry. Born May 29th, 1736. Died June 6th, 1799. His fame is his best epitaph." On the other: "Dorothea Dandridge, wife of Patrick Henry. Born in the year 1755. Died February 14th, 1831." It will thus be seen that his wife sleeps by his side. In Charlotte County, at Red Hill, the residence of John Henry, Esq., these sacred relics lie. Would it not be well for the State of Virginia to add a single stone at least to the modest monument that marks the grave of Patrick Henry?"

HORRIBLE.—Some three weeks ago a man was going the rounds of our streets begging for money, that he might go to San Francisco and have his body opened, in order to take therefrom two *live snakes*. This man was in Folsome some eight months before, and was relieved of a third snake he had in him, through some medicine given him by Dr. Higgins, but it so much reduced him as to cause the doctor to abandon the operation for fear of fatal consequences. The two yet remaining, one large and the other a small snake, who, by their continual movings and gnawings, make the life of the wretched man so irksome that he has resolved to undergo the operation of being opened, probably at the loss of life. He is a hearty eater, but is still emaciated. The larger of the two snakes generally remains in a stupified state, unless hungry, when a bite causes the poor man to wince, while the little snake is very restless, and causes much more pain, being continually moving and nipping the flesh. How the snakes ever came in his body is a study for the curious; and how they are to be ejected therefrom is a study for the skilful surgeons who undertake the job, for we deem it impossible to make the operation without costing the patient his life; but life has few attractions for him.—*Folsome* (Cal.) *Dispatch*.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIX DIVORCE SUITS IN A YEAR!—One hundred and six men and women, in San Francisco County, have made application to the Courts during the year just closed, to be released from the bonds of matrimony; and that during the same period, the judges have actually uncoupled sixty-four pairs. Thus are thrown again upon our matrimonial market sixty-four single women, qualified, and doubtless, in many cases, very willing to enter the married state again; and sixty-four men legally capable of trying new wives. We cannot say that we are at all proud of the footing-up. It exhibits a degree of rottenness at the core of society in this city, which tells awfully against us as a moral or happy community. If two hundred and twelve married people in the short period of twelve months, out of a population as limited as ours is, have been unable to live up to the sacred obligations resting upon them as husbands and wives, how many more, may we not conclude, have been neglectful of their obligations as fathers, and mothers, and citizens, and neighbors, and in their business relations? —*San Francisco Bulletin*.

BROWN STONE GOING OUT OF FASHION.—Brown stone for almost every variety of building has been the rage for several years past in New York; but it is now on the wane. People are becoming weary of the monotony, and are glad to adopt other materials. For large edifices, the Philadelphia pressed brick is again in vogue, and, with brown stone trimmings, makes an imposing and durable front. Iron is more popular, and will, no doubt, be soon generally adopted. Some of the most beautiful structures in the city are composed of this material, which permits the utmost ornamentation, and any shade of color that the architect may select. In these respects, it possesses great advantages over all other materials. The "Gilsey," and the "Haughwort Buildings," in Broadway, as also the "Carey Buildings," in Chambers street, are beautiful specimens of what can be done with iron. The St. Nicholas and La Farge Hotels, the "Tiffany" and "Christy" Buildings, and the Savings Bank, are of marble. But the most beautiful stone that has yet been introduced, is the yellow "Caen," of which some of the largest and most costly edifices are built, among which are the following: The Mechanics' Bank, Wall street; the Continental Bank, Nassau street; and the American Exchange Bank. In the new localities west of Broadway brown stone is generally rejected. — *Home Journal*.

DESPERATE CHALLENGE.—R. Ridgway, Esq., editor of the Richmond *Whig*, recently sent the following challenge to Mr. O. Jennings Wise: "I propose that you and I select only one friend each, and with one pair of pistols we shall all meet in either your office or mine, at an hour to be hereafter designated—that after thus meeting, and the door being locked, you and I shall be securely blindfolded—that then the seconds shall load one of the pistols and leave the other unloaded—that they shall next determine by lot the choice of the pistols—that the pistols shall then be handed to us, and that yours shall be placed directly against my breast, and mine against yours—that, next and finally, at the giving of the word, we shall both pull trigger, and let the consequences take care of themselves." Mr. Wise declined, but agreed to fight according to the code of honor.

CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—The practice of selling out paupers to the lowest bidder—or rather of putting up at auction the undertaking for their support—still prevails, it seems, in some of the towns of Maine. The *Rural Intelligencer*, of Gardiner, in that State, calls attention to the sad case of Parker Sheldon, a few years ago one of the most prominent business men of the State, widely known and highly respected, several times a member of the Legislature, once a member of the Executive Council, formerly Collector of the port of Bath, and the first Mayor of Gardiner after it became a city. In old age, and reduced to second childhood, his bodily and mental powers exhausted, and his property all gone, he is now a pauper, dependent on a neighboring town, and was lately disposed of at auction to the lowest bidder for his support.

"THE JERKS."—The Illinois *Baptist* of January 14th says that "This strange infatuation is again revived in our immediate vicinity. It made its appearance in a protracted meeting among the Methodists at Indian Grove. The ministers who conducted the meetings moved them from Indian Grove to Avoca, and brought with them five or six of the jerkers, and thus the contagion commenced in the latter place. Our informant was present at several of their meetings in Avoca and describes the scenes as very exciting. From fifty to a hundred were jerking at the same time. Their hands, shoulders, feet, and head would be violently thrown into the most grotesque and apparently painful shapes. The women's bonnets would fly off, their hair become dishevelled, and in some instances snap like a whip."

COLLECTING A DEBT.—Recently, during divine service, an honest man arose and asked permission to say a few words. The gentleman in the desk gave him permission to speak, when he said that he wished to inform them he had worked for a member of this church (pointing his finger at and naming the individual) for three months at 13 dollars a month, and that he refused to pay him. The Rev. gentleman then informed him that it was no place for entering such complaints, but said he would see what could be done. Many were impressed with the belief that this was a better plan than going before a justice to collect debts.—*Port Byron Gazette*.

WILD GEESE.—About the middle of October these migratory fowl begun winding their way toward warmer latitudes, and they have continued to fly at intervals from that period until last Sunday, when a solitary half dozen, looking like the *last* of the numerous family, whose business it was to tarry and see that everything was left in good order at home, and now they have gone to join their associates in the swamps of Florida. The desultory manner in which these birds have made their passage this year is said to be an indication of a mild winter, and thus far the prediction has been verified.—*Exchange paper*.

HARD TIMES IN CANADA.—A meeting of persons out of employment, to the number of several hundred, was held at Hamilton, C. W., recently. The chairman said he didn't know what was to be done—that was for the meeting to decide. Unless something was done for the relief of the unemployed mechanics and laborers, there was nothing but despair before them. If they did not get work they would starve. A committee was appointed to consider what was best to do under such circumstances.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded with immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped up in a labyrinth of affairs and worn out with cares. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN MAINE.—A correspondent, writing from Hallowell, says the late earthquake in that region seemed like the concussion caused by the discharge of a heavy cannon beneath a building. The first crash was followed by a rumbling noise, which continued for half a minute. The shock was so severe that bricks were thrown from chimneys, clocks and other things shaken from mantle-pieces, and doors opened. The sky at the time was clear and the day mild. The oldest inhabitant has never felt so severe a shock.

A STRANGER.—We saw quite a curiosity at the market yesterday morning (says the Petersburg *Intelligencer*), in the shape of a large seal, weighing, it is said, over two hundred pounds. It was killed in the Appomattox river, near Port Walthall, by Mr. Covington, a gentleman celebrated as a great sportsman. He did not succeed in bagging this rare game without trouble, as he expended eleven shots before the seal succumbed. Where did he come from?

A NOBLE SET OF FARMERS.—Sixty-four farmers, living in and about Middletown, Conn., have given notice to the citizens that they will come in with their ox-carts, laden with wood and provisions, for gratuitous distribution to the poor, under the management of the Mayor and a committee of citizens. Not one of them will be or feel the poorer for this truly Christian act, which speaks as well for their thrift as their generosity.

WORTH KNOWING.—A piece of candle may be made to burn all night in a sick room or elsewhere, where a dull light is wished, by putting finely powdered salt on the candle until it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night from a small piece of candle.

LENGTH OF LIFE.—The married are longer lived than the single; and, above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after.

Col. Johnston, the Commander of our Utah army, is a Kentuckian by birth, and is of commanding personal appearance. He graduated at West Point, but resigned his commission, and became a volunteer in the Texas Revolution. He rose from the ranks to the post of General, and, after the war, settled down as a farmer. He was Colonel of a regiment in the Mexican War, and shared the honors at Buena Vista. In 1846 he became a paymaster in the U. S. Army, and in 1855 was appointed Colonel of one of the new cavalry regiments; and he is now assigned to the command of the Utah expedition.

A well dressed and respectable looking woman, passing a furniture store on Maine street, Cincinnati, and seeing a dressing bureau on the sidewalk, walked up to it, removed her bonnet, adjusted her hair, then drew a powder bag from her pocket, and proceeded to give her face an elaborate and artistic whitening. She was engaged five minutes in her labor; and although a crowd stopped and stared, she continued her toilette with imperturbable *sang foid*, and at its completion put her bag away, and passed on as if nothing had happened.

The Illinois Central Railroad have been setting a snow fence from Galena to La Salle. The portion of the road from Dunleith to the former point does not require that protection, owing to the nature of the surface. The fence has been set for seventy-eight miles, on an average about ten boards high, and will cost when completed about $130,000. The posts are of oak, very heavy, set three feet in the ground, and the boards are put on with regard to permanency. It is believed that the fence will last for forty years.

"A few days ago," says the New Albany (Ind.) *Ledger*, "Col. Lemanhosky, the illustrious Pole, who served under Napoleon during the times of the republic and the empire, died near Hamburgh, Clark County, Indiana, aged 88 years. He was among the first to rally to the standard of the Little Corporal, and never betrayed his trust or his master from the siege of Toulon to the final overthrow and exile."

Quite a large number of robins appeared in the Norfolk, Va., market recently. One man had about 500, for which he received nearly $20. They were found in considerable flocks within a few miles of the city, feeding with great avidity on the berries of the cedar and holly. They are in good order, and are readily bought at about four cents each, for broiling and for making pies.

A citizen of Thomas County, Texas, was riding near Barnett's Creek, recently, when he heard something like a cry of distress in the swamp. He replied to it repeatedly, and it approached rapidly towards him. Judge of his surprise when he saw a large panther creep from the low bushes that skirted the swamp. The beast saw him and made at him, but being well mounted he made his escape.

A lady of Chilicothe, Ohio, who had been taking arsenic, to beautify her complexion, died from the effects thereof.

An exchange says, that among the evidences of the "hard times" among the canal boatmen, may be stated the fact that an unusually large number of them remain on board their boats during the winter—preferring to endure the inconveniences of such a residence rather than pay house rent. The mild weather of the present season favors them, too.

There has been stored in the U. S. warehouses, at this port, for a year or two past, a large lot of saltpetre, for which the owner some time since refused an offer of about sixteen cents per pound, holding out for an additional cent. At the present time the market price is not much over six cents per pound, the original cost being about ten or eleven cents.—*Boston Courier*.

The Troy *Budget* says that in the County Poor House in that county is an aged couple, the parents of an only son, who lives within a hundred miles of Troy, in a brown stone front, and from whose table is probably thrown away each day enough to feed and support the poor couple for a week. The direst curse of old age is a thankless child.

There is now living in Burnside, Pennsylvania, a Mr. Dudwick Snyder, one hundred and fourteen years old. His wife Jane is one hundred and seven years old. The date of their marriage is not given, but supposing Dudwick was twenty-two years old at that distant epoch, they have been living together as man and wife ninety-two years.

A celebration of more than ordinary interest took place at Porto Cabello, in Venezuela, S. A., on the 24th ult., in beholding the first train of cars start from that place to the interior, on the first railroad ever built in the republic. The wealth, fashion, and intelligence of the country were present.

The wife of a painter in Syracuse died the other day. Among the sympathizing friends was a young lady from Auburn, a stranger to him. The sympathy of this lady made such an impression upon the heart-broken husband that the next day after the funeral, he consoled himself by taking her to his arms.

The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.—*Hamilton*.

Some of the farmers in Michigan, deeming the present extraordinary weather favorable to the running of the sap, have recently tapped their maple trees to try the experiment, and succeeded in making quite a quantity of maple sugar.

The Board of Managers of the Washington Monument, unable to raise sufficient funds to finish it in the style originally intended, have concluded to build it up with brick and mortar, and plaster it in imitation of marble.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near, that he has only spent five shillings for firewood in eight years."

The editor of the Raleigh *Christian Advocate* has on hand an obituary notice which fills fifty-six pages of foolscap paper. He very properly says: "We have not time to read it, nor room to publish it."

Captain John Dickson, of Sparta, Ga., recently deceased, was, perhaps, the largest landholder in the State. Several years ago he paid tax on about 35,000 acres of land lying in different parts of the State.

The Rev. "Pastor Brownlow" lectured on slavery in Memphis lately. In the course of his remarks, he announced his intention to go on a mission, next Spring, to the heathens of New England.

Mr. Jenkinson, of Rome, N.Y., put his spectacles on his ear instead of his eyes one day last week, and actually walked three miles sideways in the rain before he discovered what was the matter.

There is quite a Mormon war fever in California, and volunteers were being organized all over the State, in the expectation of a general war with the followers of Brigham.

The scarlet fever is prevailing to a fearful extent in Green County, Pa. One gentleman near Waynesboro' has buried six children in ten days.

California papers state that onions growing wild have been discovered in that State, an inch and a half in diameter, covered with a thick husk, like the soap root.

A gentleman has discovered a way to disperse a crowd of idle boys. He offers to teach them the Catechism, and they instantly run away.

A report of the Milwaukee County jail states that there have been 104 *ladies* and only two *servant* girls confined in it during the past year.

The vote in Wisconsin upon the proposition to extend suffrage to colored men was: yeas, 28,235; nays, 41,345; majority, 13,110.

The Chinese population is increasing in California, by recent arrivals, at the rate of 4,000 per month.

Ex-President John Tyler is lying very ill at his residence, "Sherwood Forest," Charles City County, Virginia.

An attempt to get up a fillibuster meeting in Charleston, Va., proved a complete failure.

A cargo of Angora goats has arrived at Baltimore, valued at $1,000 per pair.

Ex-President Franklin Pierce is passing the winter at Madeira.

A monument in honor of General Harrison is to be erected in Ohio.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many thanks to E. E. for his hearty letter. We regret that the subject of it is so far below the level of respectable criticism as to be unworthy of it. What we said last week, is all that our sense of duty and decency can allow to be said.

CORNELIUS NEPOS—The matter is not suited to our pages. Ask what we can grant.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 13, 1858.

DEATH OF THE REV. PATRICK McKENNA.

WE put this column in mourning to-day for the death of one of the most beloved priests of the Archdiocese, the Rev. Patrick McKenna, who departed this life, to claim the reward of his labors, on Friday evening, the 5th inst., in the fortieth year of his age and the thirteenth of his ministry. In our capacity of chroniclers we are often called upon to record the demise of acquaintances and to pay our tribute under mourning lines; but in this instance the deceased is both a friend and one of God's anointed, and ordinary respect is at once inadequate to express our feelings, and to do justice to his deserts.

Mr. McKenna was born in the parish of Tydavnet, County Monaghan, and studied classics in the Academy of the County town, where he evinced talent and assiduity which won the respect of his teachers. Inclined to the priesthood by his own dispositions and the will of his parents, he finished his preparatory studies, and soon after his arrival in the United States, entered St. John's College, Fordham. In this institution he pursued the accustomed course, and was ordained by the Most Rev. Archbishop, who appointed him to the curacy of the Church of the Assumption in Brooklyn, and afterwards to that of St. James, in that city. In each mission he endeared himself to his flock. The Church of St. James, New York, was the last theatre of his zeal. He found that parish without a pastoral residence, and he purchased one. He found the church sadly in need of repairs and without a vestry, and he refitted it, provided ground, and built a vestry. He saw the young lost to religion in the vortex of the public schools, and he took upon himself the weighty responsibility of founding, under his immediate superintendence, a Free School at once equal to the public institutions in comfort and character, and their superior in moral effect. As his last undertaking was, in a worldly point of view, the greatest, so it was the most useful; for while many of his other acts of charity and benevolence can be only said to have benefitted those immediately the objects of them, the Free School of St. James is a legacy of love and zeal which must bear manifold future fruits in the most Catholic, and the most needy, portion of New York.

In a new region, or an old one agitated by questions affecting the faith or the condition of Catholics, thirteen years in the priesthood afford opportunities for a pastor to make a deep mark; but it must be borne in mind that in a city like New York a priest who performs his duty as such, has few incitements to attract public attention, or to catch the trade winds of popular applause. So it was with Mr. McKenna. His labors were not the less numerous because they were unknown outside of his own neighborhood; and, spending little time to gain praise, he had the more time to deserve it.

Zealous as a pastor, Father McKenna was also admirable for his social virtues. He conferred friendship with a reserve befitting his calling, but preserved it with constancy. The more tried, the truer was he; and when we add that he combined with a genial disposition, and a sprightly fancy, the Celtic virtue of hospitality, we have said enough to indicate the extents of his loss to those who knew him most intimately, and who will remember him longest. His relapse into the illness of which he died—disease of the lungs—was in part superinduced by his desire to assist at the Annual Requiem Mass of Father Curran, of Astoria,—so persevering to the end was his self-sacrifice for his friends.

On Sunday last the house of his Brother-in-Law in Twenty-Ninth street was crowded during the day and night by parishioners eager to secure a last sight of their pastor. On Monday at 8 1-2 o'clock, A. M., the body was removed to St. James' Church. The Divine Office was chaunted, a solemn Mass offered up, and an affecting panegyric preached by the Rev. Mr. Driscoll, S. J., who took for his text the following words in the 1st Book of Kings, chap. ii., v. 35: "*And I will raise me up a faithful priest who shall do according to my heart and my soul, and I will build him a faithful house, and he shall walk all days before my anointed.*" Besides the Bishop of Brooklyn, the following clergymen were present: The Rev. Mr. Martin, Celebrant, Rev. Mr. Curran, Deacon; Rev. T. Scollon, Sub-Deacon; Rev. Mr. Barry, Master of Ceremonies; the Very Rev. William Starrs; Archdeacon McCarron; the Reverend Messrs. Quinn, McClelland, Malone, Farrell, McCluskey, Brennan, Cassiday, Ryan, Brophy, McShane, O'Beirne, McAleer, Maguire, O'Neill, Keegan, McCarthy, Farrelley, Slevin, Trainor, McKenna, McGovern, Brady, and the Rev. Mr. Daubriss, of the Society of Jesus. The Church was thronged to suffocation, and when the funeral procession proceeded to Calvary, its numbers gave abundant evidence of the deceased's popularity and worth.

All that remains of our friend, besides his memory, now lies in Calvary waiting the Judgment Day, but for that soul which was so charitable, so zealous, so affectionate, we ask the heartfelt prayers of our readers. *Requiescat in pace.* Amen.

ENGLAND BRIBING.

THE Tariff Investigation at Washington has brought forth a startling revelation. One J. D. Williamson asserts that English manufacturers and the English Government authorized Sir Henry Bulwer to expend two millions of dollars to effect our tariff and to establish free trade, and that $700,000 were actually spent in buying members of Congress or preventing the election of those who could not be bought!

In advance of authentic proof we are quite willing to believe every word of this Williamson. The high inducements held out by free trade to foreign, and particularly English merchants—the well-known policy of England to gain by bribery what she fails to effect otherwise—and the whole history of the "lobby" in Washington, combine to secure our implicit faith to every tittle of Williamson's assertion.

It is so common for Irish American journals to accuse England of dabbling in our politics by means of the Secret Service Fund, that the American press sets down to the credit of an historial enmity what is merely an enlightened patriotism. The sooner this practice is got rid of, the sooner will they be able to enter on a dispassionate survey of English interference. That interference extends far beyond the limits of the Slavery Question in national politics, and we can see it under the specious clauses of Mr. Mather's Bill, to allow aliens to hold and transfer real estate to aliens, in our own State. We do not say that Mr. Mather has been paid for introducing this Bill; but we *do* say, that if $700,000 were squandered usefully on the Tariff at Washington, $100,000 would not be too large a sum for pushing his Bill through the Assembly at Albany.

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF NAPOLEON.

IT is Shelley sings in his "Hellas"—

Kings are like stars, they rise and set; they have
The worship of the world, but no repose—

and the Emperor of the French seems to be fated like the rest. His reign, so far, has been one continued gauntlet in the Indian sense; and that he has not fallen under the blows of his enemies is certainly not owing to their want of persistence, or energy, or blood-thirstiness. It is natural that he who trampled upon Red Republicanism should be stung by the defeated and envenomed thing; but it needs to be explained how other sovereigns, holding their thrones with still less claims of right than he, should loll in security while he is invested by murderers. The latest would-be assassins were Italians. Who would swear that they had no English gold in their pockets?

Come from where this last blow may, it stamps the character of Mazzini's adherents in the blood of 100 wounded, and 5 killed, citizens. Be it the effect of the murderous Socialistic code, or the detonement of English bribes, the world has seen in it another proof of the utter want of Christian Conscience—the complete disregard of human life—which give Red Republicanism its peculiar place in the list of political heresies. What begins with assassination can have no good end.

It is well for France that Napoleon lives. Grant that he is a despot, he is her duly elected master. He found her sinking into a third-rate power, and he has lifted into a first-rate one. If he were gone to-morrow what could she gain by his murder? Civil war, and a quick decadence of political power in the councils of Europe. Both, or either.

THE ALLEGED MIRACLES IN BROOKLYN.

WHETHER for good or ill the rumors of the alleged miracles effected by the Passionist Fathers in Brooklyn are now before the public, and it seems to devolve on those who first gave currency to them, to satisfy the natural curiosity excited. The *Tribune* of the 3d inst. contains several facts bearing on the reputed miraculous cures of four or five persons; but while they go far to encourage Catholics in the belief that wonders *were* performed, they are not sufficient to overcome credulity.

For our own part, we doubt the propriety of anticipating the proper authorities in proclaiming miracles. It is one thing to assert the truth that the Church has always claimed, and still claims, in virtue of her mission, extraordinary spiritual powers, and quite a different thing to say that her children have used them. He who has a true care of Catholic credit—who looks upon a "sensation" in no business light—will warily avoid doing the latter on his own responsibility.

Mr. Wm. J. H. Graham was received into the Catholic Church on Sunday, 29th ult. He was baptized by the Rev. Peter McCarron, of St. Mary's Church, Grand street, in this city.

SPIRIT-TELLING FALSEHOODS.

WHATEVER else may be said of the spirits they cannot be accused of possessing either an extraordinary or an over nice knowledge, if Mrs. Hatch is a worthy oracle. One evening last week, a select party of invited guests met at the house of Mr. Taylor, M. C., Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, to hear voices from the other world in the silvery chimes of that golden haired interpretess; and through the kindness of the *Evening Post* we are in possession of all that was done on the interesting occasion:

Horace Greely inquired if the soul enters necessarily upon a higher existence by passing into the spirit-world? Answer—Yes, with some modifications.

Then does the suicide better his condition? Answer, in substance: While the suicide seems to you to be the arbiter of his own destiny, to us he appears not to be so; it seems to us that he was destined to commit suicide. It does not follow that you (Greely) will commit suicide; it appears to us that such is not your destiny.

Does the criminal who, by his own misdeeds, has justly brought upon himself the sentence of death, by committing suicide, escape the penalty of the crime? Answer, in substance: He escapes the publicity of the gallows—the scoffs of the crowd—the ignominy of the halter. But he cannot escape the penalty of his crimes, for he cannot escape from himself. He wakes up and finds that he is still himself; he is still suffering, and perhaps more intensely, the just punishment of his crimes.

Is it better for little children to die young? We believe that for those who *die*, it is better. But it does not, therefore, follow that it would have been better for you (Greely) or any one living, to have died young. But if the time should ever come, when only men and women shall leave this life, heaven will be desolate; there will be no little children there.

Dr. Buddington inquired, in relation to scrofula, the conditions that produce it, &c. The reply was, that scrofula was the result of eating swine's flesh. If the scrofulous matter deposited upon the lungs in cases of hereditary consumption (which was represented as a species of scrofula), or which breaks out upon the skin in cutaneous diseases, be analyzed, it will be found to contain the same elements as the fat of swine. Jews, it was asserted, never die of consumption; and the reason is, they never eat swine's flesh—in which they are above the Christian.

Various theological questions were propounded—among others whether the spiritual teachings are to be accepted if they are not in accordance with the teachings of Christ; to which it was replied that nothing was to be received contrary to the spirit of Christ's teachings; but that Christ's followers might have failed to apprehend his sayings; indeed that they did in some respects so fail; that those writers who knew Jesus personally are higher authority than these who did not; that Paul, for instance, had not as high an inspiration as the first three Evangelists. The Gospel of John was not as correct as the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke.

Why not? Ans.—Because John did not write it; and because it clearly appears to every correct student of history that it was not written under thirty years after the Crucifixion.

What evidence have you that it was not written until thirty years after the death of Christ? Ans.—We draw this from the history of the Nicene Council, and the combination of events as set forth by various profane historians.

While we feel relieved at being assured that Mr. Greely is not destined to commit suicide, and not a little pleased at the conceit about "Heaven being desolate without children," we cannot refrain from alluding to the excuse given for self murder in the opening paragraphs, and the gross ignorance of facts evinced in the last three. That scrofula has its origin in swine's fat everybody has heard stated, and "the spirits" tell nothing new in reiterating; but the references to the Evangelists are really novel, and indicate the stinted intelligence of Mrs. Hatch's informants.

"The spirits" say that those among the Evangelists "who knew Christ personally are higher authority than those who did not," and in this they give a very natural and fallacious opinion, for the four were alike inspired; but they directly contradict themselves when they allude to the Gospels of Mark and Luke as "more correct" than that of St. John. Neither of the former ever heard Christ, the one being a disciple of St. Peter, and the other of St. Paul. The holy fathers agree that St. Mark wrote his Gospel at Rome in the third year of Claudius, at the request of the Christians in that city, and merely from the information given by St. Peter; and St. Luke says, himself, that he learned from those who "were ministers and eye-witnesses of the Word from the beginning."

The statement that "St. John did not write" the Gospel attributed to him, is, of course, as false as the criterion of authority set down by "the spirits." After the death of Domitian, and the banishment to Patmos, he returned to Ephesus, where he was engaged to write his Gospel about the year ninety-eight. Cerinthus and Ebion having

impiously asserted that the Saviour had no existence before that which he received from his Virgin Mother, and was, consequently, no more than a pure man, all the Bishops of Asia Minor, as well as deputies from other Churches, addressed themselves to "the beloved disciples," as the most able to refute so blasphemous a heresy. "Hence," says St. Austin, "St. John" was in a special manner made choice of to unfold the divinity of Jesus Christ. The other three Evangelists seem to walk with the Redeemer on the surface of the earth, and in their progress relate the actions of his life, while St John, like an eagle, soars aloft above the clouds of human understanding, and penetrating into the bosom of the Father, fixes his eye upon the Divine Word, the Co-Eternal Son of God, without being dazzled by the rays, or overpowered by the glory of infinite majesty."

Perhaps, if Mrs. Hatch's knowledge had been greater, "the spirits," would have discoursed more creditably; and the better to assist them we recommend that lady in future to find out, not only the questions which she may be called upon to answer, beforehand, but to study the authorities upon which even "spirits" such as hers must rely for facts relating to early Church History—the Fathers of the Catholic Church.

THE ALMS COMMITTEE OF JERSEY CITY.

In the absence of Alderman Sinclair, the Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to audit the accounts of the Alms House, the other three members gave in their report on Tuesday evening last to the Common Council. It fully sustains all that we have written, and recommends the appointment of another Committee to pursue the investigation. In seventy-two bills eight were found without being sworn to, as required by the ordinance, and the particular ones which called forth our remarks on the Alms Committee were characterized as wholly "unjust and illegal."

REMITTING MONEY TO IRELAND.

In relation to an article under the above head, which appeared in our issue of last week, we can say that we know many other houses besides those named therein, whose drafts are and have been promptly paid on presentation. We are also assured that the party whose drafts formed the basis of the charge, is making preparation to have them paid, and in fact has already paid some of them.

Commercial Relations with the Western Coast of South America.—The Valparaiso correspondent of the *Herald* expresses the hope that an American line of mail steamers will soon connect Valparaiso with Panama, and that a regular postal communication will be established between the West Coast of South America and the United States.

We hope so. The Commerce of South America on the Pacific side is monopolized by Great Britain through the agency of the Southampton and West India steamers, and no better method of destroying her monopoly could be suggested than the proposed mail line. The effect on Chile, Peru, &c., in a business point of view, must be beneficial. In political light, fillibusterism can scarcely afford to disturb their integrity, guarded on no side by distance, and on another by numbers, and a wakeful, patriotic spirit.

Bad Taste.—The Detroit *Vindicator* praises Miss Matilda Heron's representation of *Camille* while giving the play its proper character. Why does the *Vindicator*—if its purpose is to keep Catholics away from such a disgusting entertainment—say anything on the subject, or fail to give Miss Heron her due for making it "fascinating?"

St. Patrick's Day.—Many of our Benevolent Societies are preparing to celebrate, by a supper and ball the anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. Among these, as usual, "The Young Friends of Ireland" hold their accustomed place—amongst the first.

Quite Out of His Place.—There is some talk in the United States Senate, we observe, of tabooing Gov. Wright as minister to Berlin, and withholding the confirmation of his appointment. Mr. Wright, in our opinion, deserves a rebuke of just such a character for his discreditable course as an American representative abroad. We have no objection to his temperance principles, and none to his ultra Protestantism—both qualities are well enough in their place; but we *do* object to his making the government of the United States a participator in his attempt to make proselytes to either. If the administration were to do itself justice, it would request Mr. Wright to resign. That gentleman evidently mistook his calling when he turned ambassador. Nature intended him to act as a *valet* for Neal Dow, or to preside over the anti-Catholic association of some country or village.—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

The Washington *Union*, the organ of the Administration, writes in the same spirit, so that Mr. Wright's recall is merely a matter of time. We cannot speak too highly of the candor and liberality of our Sunday contemporary on this topic.

The Observance of the Sabbath.—An association has been formed in this city by some Protestant ministers to labor for the better observance of the Christian Sunday. No body could be more needed, or none less effective than it must prove to be. Protestant ministers should begin the reform in their own pulpits, by preaching Christian doctrines and duties, instead of discussing finance and party politics.

Dr. McKensie in Boston.—We regret to learn from several sources, that Dr. Shelton McKensie, following in the American footsteps of Lover, is playing the part of a caricaturist of Irish character in Boston. Surely a man of the Dr.'s literary temperament and national pride has not fallen so low and so suddenly?

Fighting Representatives.—The U. S. House of Representatives is about to be turned into a boxing ring by the Kansas discussion. The first fight of the season came off on the 5th between Keitt of South Carolina and Grow of Pennsylvania. As neither gentleman was interrupted or punished, we conclude that the House resigns itself to its fate.

The Know-Nothingism in New York.—The Know-Nothing party in this State has become a mere semblance of a clique. It owes in its right but seven members of the Legislature, and three newspapers, the Albany *Statesman*, the Buffalo *Advertiser*, and the *Express* of this city. A few months more and it will be gone completely.

A Festival, for the benefit of the Ladies' Charitable Society, attached to St. Mary's Church, for the relief of the poor, will be held on Monday, February 15, 1858, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway, near Prince, at seven o'clock in the evening. Doors open at two o'clock in the afternoon. Tickets 50 cents. May be had of the Lady Managers, or of the Sexton of the Church.

We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Dublin Journal*, a miscellany of Literature, Science, and Art. It is neatly got up.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington, Feb. 5, 1858.

The entire country has, ere this, read the President's Special Message to Congress on Tuesday last, accompanying the submission of the Lecompton Constitution to both Houses, and has, no doubt, pretty well digested the arguments and reasons contained therein in favor of admitting Kansas into the Union as a State under its provisions.

At this time here, there is a wide diversity of opinion pervading the minds of all parties as to what the result of legislative action will be upon it; for, before that takes place, a vast field of preliminary movements, pro and con, on the early action of the government relating to it, will have to be explored, and a true solution of the subject drawn from the principles then laid down as its rule of action, in as unerring a manner as any proposition that can be demonstrated from the twelve books of Euclid.

I will merely allude *en passant* to one of those very curious and rather unaccountable episodes in political management of great affairs, in order to show the mutability of politician's memories and how uncertain are the conclusions to be drawn from what they think right to-day, but which may be of the opposite stripe to-morrow, and leave your readers to the natural inferences flowing directly from these premises.

Some time last summer, I believe in the month of August if my memory serve me right, a public meeting was held in Rockingham County, Virginia, at which a series of resolutions were read and adopted, bearing directly upon this Kansas question, the fifth of which avowed principles as strong and as broad on the doctrine of "popular sovereignty" as those now advocated by Judge Douglas and his friends. It would not do for me to affirm, in this connection, that those resolutions were endorsed by the President and Cabinet and received their united sanction, before final action had been taken upon them in Rockingham; but such consultations and instructions under other administrations, were not unusual preparatory to the "manufacture of public opinion," bearing directly upon questions which, it was supposed at the time, would subsequently become Cabinet measures.

Mr. Hunter was, at the time I speak of, a postulant for Senatorial honors, and it was a mystery, wrapped up in the womb of time, as to whether he would or would not give Mr. Buchanan's administration his undivided support or not. Every one remembers his non-committal letter on this subject, and the state of "betweenity" in which he placed himself towards it, and his own overweening sense of Senatorial importance. Those resolutions, however, opened his eyes, and he became convinced of the necessity of retrieving his *status* in the politics of his State, and effecting a *coup d'etat* with a view of placing himself *rectus in curia* with the administration, or at least of recovering the ground that he had lost by refusing, up to that time, to give in his whole adhesion to its policy.

There is also another phase in the private history of this affair that will cause, if verified, all through the States some surprise. It is, that the *Schedule* to this Lecompton Constitution, was prepared here, and sent by a special messenger to Kansas for the action of the Convention. If this should turn out to be true, the question then arises, what participation had the people of Kansas, through their representative in Convention, in preparing their Constitution?

I am inclined to think the President will be able to explain those things satisfactorily, and come out of the ordeal through which his Administration is passing, with credit and consistency to himself.

What this Pondoras' box in Kansas matters may develope between now and the first of March, I cannot divine, but I would say "beware of the ides of March," for there is fun in the future for those who indulge in the pastime of mischief.

Ex-Governor Walker, of Kansas, will appear again over his sign manual, in reply to the the President's Message.

That old gentleman, "Sam," i. e. General Samuel Houston, of Texas, in the course of the debate on the army bill in the Senate, took occasion to denounce the enlistment of "foreigners" in the service of the United States. Well, what a queer animal the *genus homo* is! "Sam," is only one degree removed from "foreign influence"—his father and mother, as he used to boast a few years ago, being full-blooded Hibernians, (*quere*, are the stock that he has sprung from considered *Irish* in Ireland? I wot not, for, in the speech referred to, he said that we were alien in blood and in feeling to the American nation!) Verily, "Sam," thy political sun has set for ever, for these "foreigners," whom you have so foolishly, shall I say falsely, denounced, have long memories.

Per contra to this, the Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, will read his recantation next week in the Senate, and leave the Know-Nothing ranks, like a rat quitting a sinking ship. Mr. C. is one of the kindest hearted old gentlemen I know, and would do nothing on reflection that would be calculated to hurt the feelings of any class of his fellow-citizens; but the *fire*, and SMOKE, and BLOOD of the Louisville outrages have not been yet so obliterated from the public mind as to entitle him to either confidence or support, until he has purged himself thoroughly of the imputations of being *particeps criminis* in those eventful and disgraceful proceedings, by his connection with the Know-Nothing party. His declaration in the Senate, acknowledging his connection with it, is still extant. Let us, however, as Irishmen and Catholics, throw the mantle of charity over the weaknesses of our fellow-citizens, and bring for ever in oblivion a state of unnatural and un-American strife, that never would have arisen had it not been for *foreign* influence, in fact, conceived, concocted, and carried out in part by the English fanatics of Exeter Hall for the purpose of dividing and distracting us as a nation of freemen.

One of the very best appointments made by the Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, is that of Colonel James Owner, as his assistant, who is in charge of the Reporters' Gallery. Mr. O. is attentive to his duties, gentlemanly in his deportment to those who are and are not entitled to the privilege of desks therein, and commands, as he deserves, the warm and unqualified friendship of the whole corps connected with the press.

J. D. Williamson, Esq., of New York, who has been held in durance by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House for some days for his contumacy in refusing to answer the questions put to him by the Corruption Investigating Committee, was discharged from custody to-day by a unanimous vote of the House.

Sigma.

THE REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

The following are the regulations for Lent, for the present year:

1. All the "week days" of Lent, from Ash-Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation.

2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese, at the principal meal on the Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thurdays of Lent, from the first Sunday until Palm Sunday.

3. The use of flesh meat is not allowed on Thursday next, after Ash-Wednesday.

4. The abstinence from flesh meat on Palm Sunday, which has hitherto been observed in this diocese, is, this year, dispensed with, so that, on that day, the faithful may partake of animal food, as on any other day of the year on which abstinence from flesh meat is not commanded by some precept of the Church.

5. Also, on the following Tuesday, although in Holy Week, the faithful are allowed, by dispensation, to use flesh meat at the principal meal. It is to be remarked, however, that on the Tuesday of Holy Week the fast is to be observed as on any other "week day" of that solemn time.

6. The use of meat is not allowed on any day in the Holy Week — immediately preceding Easter Sunday—excepting the two aforementioned ones.

7. There is neither fast nor abstinence to be observed on Sundays of Lent.

8. It is not allowed to use fish with flesh meat at the same meal.

9. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.

10. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the following classes of persons: First, the infirm; second, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; third, persons who are only attaining their growth; fourth, women in pregnacy or nursing infants; fifth, those who are enfeebled by old age.

But these persons should be persuaded on just grounds that they are entitled to exemption from the precept—so that their not observing it may give no offence to their own conscience, nor scandal to their neighbor. For this purpose, if they have any doubt, they will do well to consult their spiritual director or their physician. They should, however, cherish the exterior spirit of this holy season the same as if they were able to comply with the exterior observance of fasting and mortification, spirit of sorrow and compunction for sin, a spirit of prayer and recollection. This is the duty of all, and without this the fast itself would be rejected by God.

The public religious exercises during Lent, in the churches of the city, to commence each evening at 7 o'clock, will be:

On Monday, in the Church of the Nativity.

On Tuesday, in St. James', St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul's (French), and Holy Cross.

On Wednesday, in St. Peter's, Most Holy Redeemer's (German), St. Francis Assissium, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Anne's, and Annunciation, Manhattanville.

On Thursday, in the Cathedral, St. Andrew's, St. Stephen's, St. Columba's, St. Bridget's, and St. Alphonsus'.

On Friday, in St. Mary's, Transfiguration, St. Nicholas', Most Holy Redeemer, and Chapel of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.

By order of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

CARD.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd gratefully acknowledge the receipt of two hundred dollars from A. Belmont, Esq., for the benefit of their institution.

February 4th.

NORTHERN TRAVEL.

SUMMER AND WINTER PICTURES OF SWEDEN, DENMARK AND LAPLAND. By BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq. G. P. Putnam, 321 Broadway, New York. 1858.

Although Bayard Taylor has not explored trackless and unknown wastes, hitherto shut out from man, and which afforded shelter only to the Hyena, the Lion, and the Elephant, yet it cannot be denied but his researches and inquiries in other quarters have been productive of many gratifying results. Unlike Park or Livingstone, his mission has not been to follow the windings of a mighty river to its source, or to explore countries situated beyond arid deserts, yet who will deny the benefits to be attained from a closer and more comprehensive knowledge of those nations already known. It is true that from the earliest ages the countries lying to the North and Northwest of Europe were well known, and enjoyed a pre-eminence in the scanty records of the past; how could it be otherwise, when, from out those frozen realms, girt round by barriers of ice, issued in succession, like the waves of the sea, those fierce hordes which for centuries were the terror of nations more southern and more highly favored. Nor was the influence of literature, such as it then existed, quite unknown or unrecognized in portions of this inhospitable region. Icelandic lore and Scaldic verse were facts undisputable as the existence of that volcanic Hecla which lifts its huge proportions five thousand feet into the air, and which in its rage oftentimes destroys the accumulated industry of the patient husbandman, besides driving him and his trembling dependents homeless and destitute fugitives far beyond the reach of its fierce and boiling torrent. In time, however, the fierce incursions of the warlike Norsemen subsided. Victors in France and England, their descendants struck deep root in both those countries, and soon learned to appreciate the blessings of soil and climate, which nature with a bountiful hand had scattered on those favored lands. Christianity, too, lent its softening influence, and, in process of time, the heathen worshipper of Odin became transformed into a sincere adorer of the Deity. In other cases, meeting with warriors fierce and undaunted as themselves, the stubborn Northerns were glad to seek safety in flight, and to nurse amid the snows of their native homes projects of future reprisal and revenge which happily never came. Then it was that the North lost its mighty significance, until eventually it came to be regarded with a sort of carelessness almost amounting to indifference.

The volume before us does not tell how—

"Statesmen governed *nor* how sages taught;"

neither does it supply a record of the warlike chiefs or monarchs who from age to age presided over the North and directed its energies; it is simply a book of travels, not of remote or ancient times, but of the present. Of the millions to whom the names Sweden, Denmark, Norway, or Lapland, is an every day word, how many among them are conversant with the manners and customs of the people inhabiting those places; how little do they know of their domestic peculiarities; how much less of the towns, villages, or cities they inhabit; of the many national traits which distinguish them from each other, as well as from the nations which surround them; or, in fact, aught else concerning them, save their names? Yet, notwithstanding all those discrepancies, we venture to predict that the individual who peruses the pages of the volume before us with ordinary attention, cannot rise from their perusal without ascertaining all the information requisite.

It is a mistake too common among the generality of mankind to imagine that when the student of history can recapitulate the names of kings, the order of their succession, the dates on which they were born and on which they died, he knows all that is necessary, and that a knowledge of these dry facts constitutes a knowledge of history, without ever bestowing a thought on the masses, or how they were socially situated. There is no greater mistake than this, nor one into which people allow themselves to be more readily betrayed.

It was from Lubeck, on the morning of the 1st of December, 1856, that our traveller set forth on his northern tour. The propeller on which he embarked for Stockholm was a dingy affair, piled with freight on deck and barrels of butter in the cabin. One must not form his conception of those steamers of the Drave by the "floating palaces" of the Hudson; nothing can be more dissimilar. Arrived at the Swedish capital, not a moment was lost in preparation, and having taken in a supply of coffee, sugar, salt, gunpowder, lucifer matches, lead, shot, and slugs, besides a variety of other things necessary in order to contend against the rigors of a Scandinavian winter, accommodation was procured in the diligence to Gefle, a town situated 120 miles north of Stockholm, and here our enterprising explorer might, in reality, be said to have encountered his first experience in "Northern Travel." It is not our intention to follow Bayard Taylor through the various vicissitudes and toils, not oftentimes unattended by danger, with which he was beset, and which are the universal attendants of one entering on a career such as this. We shall merely observe, that the perusal of the record he has given us is admirably calculated to make deep and lasting impressions on the mind of the reader.

So far as we are concerned, we confess ourselves disabused of several impressions we labored under respecting the people inhabiting the extreme north of Europe, while we are pleased that they have been confirmed in other respects. It is easy to perceive from a perusal of the narrative that the present is not the author's first essay in the field of adventure. He does not cry out with astonishment or laugh in people's faces, because, forsooth, their peculiarities happen to differ essentially from the peculiarities of those with which he has been accustomed, or regard them with contempt because he considers them inferior. Fault-finding, linked with a spirit of depreciation, seems to form the entire stock in trade of too many of our modern travellers. Those shallow observers of men and things reason exactly as if it were specially ordained that all the children of Adam, without exception, should conform to the same customs and observe identical habits and manners. Not so, however, with Mr. Taylor; while he possesses the keen perceptibility of the traveller, he is not slow in revealing the good or evil tendencies of the people among whom he sojourned, and even of reiterating his opinions concerning them, as in the case of the people of Stockholm, whose morals come in for no slight share of exposure and well-merited reproof at his hands. Much as we are led to lament the fact and to deplore that such should be the case, yet we cannot help admiring the manly and independent honesty which proclaims to the world and to men the facts hitherto unrevealed, or at best but partially understood, that young men who have passed unscathed through the deluding enchantments of Paris and Berlin, come eventually to their ruin in Stockholm, or that the world does not bear upon its surface an agricultural population which stands lower in the scale of chastity than that of Norway. In short, we are fully satisfied to accept as truth the assertion contained in the preface to this volume, where he tells us that he has attempted to draw with steady hand the people and scenery of Northern Europe, that he has endeavored to invest each with its characteristic atmosphere, and that, in order to do so with the more success, he has conformed as much as possible to the life of the people among whom he made these observations.

THE PARADISE OF THE CHRISTIAN SOUL, delightful for its choicest pleasures of piety of every kind. By JAMES MERLO HORSTIUS, of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in pasculo pastoris at Cologne. A new and complete translation by Lawful Authority. New York: P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway and 20 Beekman street.

When this work was issued two or three weeks ago, we acknowledged the receipt of a copy from the publisher. We have since examined it with some care, and, we must add, with much delight. Although we were aware that the "Paradisus Animæ," of which this is a translation, has been for over 200 years esteemed one of the most excellent devotional books, still we must confess we were agreeably suprised by the immense number of beautiful devotions and the variety of useful instructions which it contains. It seems to us that the advantages which this book possesses over most works of devotion which we have seen, consist in the fervent character of its prayers and in its admirable arrangement. It is divided into seven parts or sections, as follows: Part I. Devotion to the Holy Trinity. II. Devotion to the Saints. III. On Penance. IV. Exercises of Christian Virtues. V. On the Sacrament of the Eucharist—with the best Method of Hearing Mass and of Communicating. VI. On the Life and Passion of Our Lord. VII. On Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Preparation for a Happy Death. Passing over the first and second parts which contain much valuable instruction, together with Prayers and Meditations of the most beautiful and fervent characters, we wish particularly to call attention to the third part which is devoted to the Sacrament of Penance. Every chapter, nay, every paragraph in this section abounds with reflections which appeal so touchingly to the heart, that no Christian can read them and reflect upon them, without being spiritually elevated, and being moved to acts of goodness and piety. Did space permit, we would cheerfully give the titles of the chapters in this section, each of which is, in itself, a sermon. The part on "Christian Virtues" is a compendium of the moral theology of the Church. In it may be found rules for their guidance through life, applicable to Christians, old and young, lay and clerical. The parts on the Eucharist and on the Life and Passion of our Lord form above all the chief feature of the book. In them and through them breathes that spirit of fervid love of the Holy Redeemer, which is calculated to soften the most hardened heart, or to elevate an ordinary soul to the Christian ideal of heroism. We would recommend these meditations as being admirably suited for Lenten and Easter devotions.

The part devoted to the Blessed Virgin is a beautiful offering to the Immaculate Mother of God, and would, if bound separately, be an excellent Manual for the devotions of the month of May. We would gladly enter into a more extensive analysis of this excellent work did we have leisure to do so. We cannot, however, close this notice, without remarking that the translation seems to have been made with great care and elegance, and that the publisher has executed his part commendably. The style in which this work has been issued is worthy of the work, and that is saying a good deal for it. The only fault we have to find with it is, that it contains 1,082 pages, and is consequently less portable than we should wish it to be. We have, however, often seen whole libraries which did not contain so much truth and beauty.

THE EMIGRANT.

The apple boughs were dripping dew
On my pathway—
The robin sung the meadows thro'
His plaintive lay—
The vallies never looked so sweet
As on that day,
When from my childhood's blest retreat
I turned away
To breast the wild and searching sleet
That sweeps the world's highway.

I turned upon the mountain heath
To look my last,
And gazing o'er the vales beneath
My tears fell fast;
Bright eyes that sparkled long ago
Rose soft in view,
Sweet voices floated from below,
That I well knew
Were but the echoes of my woe,
From 'neath the churchyard yew.

Soon like despair 'twixt man truth,
The mountains gray
Shut out the valleys of my youth
Where my soul lay;
I felt, let Time laugh e'er so bright
Along my way,
He never could bring back the light
Of Life's young day—
The soul that thro' the gloomiest night
Beheld the morning gray!

How fast the stern and rock ribbed coast
Fades from my sight
Soon—soon the green hills will be lost
In endless night;—
The morn will rise on wings of gold
And the sad sea
Unto the hills will sing her old
Wierd melody.
Yet *I* will never more behold
Thy beauties *gra ma chree!*

I had proud dreams when other times
And days were here,
When Irish songs like sweet bell chimes
Fell on mine ear,
That I would give thee more than words
And hot salt tears,
Might take my stand midst flashing swords
And slender spears,
And charge the frontal tyrant hordes
Paying up old arrears.

Land of *Riagh na gael*, adieu!
On land or sea
Where 'ere I roam my heart still true
Will turn to thee,
Wherever mountains kiss the skies
Or bright streams roll,
Thy dasied hills will proudly rise
Within my soul,—
Each river dancing to the sea
Will mirror all thy face to me.

CHICAGO, *February 2d.* M. S.

THE BARDS' SYMPOSIUM (1600.)

DONOGH.

Cormac! thou tuneful soul,
Fill up again the bowl,
And listen while I sing thee;
The spirit of gen'rous wine,
Like a messenger divine,
Doth inspiration bring me.

Tho' heavy upon my eyes
Darkness thick brooding lies,
Like mist on a mountain hoary;
A light in my soul doth shine,
As in a darksome mine
Sparkles a diamond's glory.

The spirit of song to me,
Seems like a destiny,
Leading me onward, ever;
Within the castle gate,
In the rude sheiling wait
Friends who forgot me never!

The fairest maidens of the land
Take me by the hand,
When my faint footsteps falter;
And on the festal day
Lead me to Mass away,
Beside the holy altar.

De profundis clamavi!
Lowly kneeling have I
Wearied the ear of heaven;
Praying that soon again
Truth in the land may reign—
Our enemies forgiven.

Often, in days of old,
Kings wearing robes of gold,
Sate, while these withered fingers
Swept o'er the sounding strings—
Memory with drooping wings
O'er the bright vision lingers.

Honored, the minstrel then,
'Mid the land's noblest men,
Feasted with prelates and sages,
Ere the Destroyers came,
Giving to ruthless flame
Eire's proud record of ages.

Where is the songful one?
Wandering apart and lone—
Chased with the wolf to the mountain;
And, like a wounded deer,
Stealing at evening drear,
To slake his thirst at the fountain.

Sounds in the air now float,
Sweetly prolonged each note,
Like distant water's falling;
Bards of the ancient day
Whisper me "come away!"
Their fingers silently calling.

Soon will I come to ye!
Harp-chiming company,
Freed from all earthly cumber;
Like a lark thro' the sky
Up will my spirit fly,
To swell your musical number.

CORMAC.

Donogh! thy pensive strain
Chills me, like winter rain
On a new shorn lamb falling—
Chant me a martial lay!
Meet for a battle day,
Like the voice of a clarion calling!

DONOGH.

Cormac, thou fiery-soul!
Fill up again the bowl,
To cheer my spirit despondent;
And while I faintly sing,
Let thy harp boldly ring
Out a chorus respondent.

DONOGH'S LAY—THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

The horn of war is sounding thro' our valley!
And echoes answer from the hills around—
With waving banners out my Clansmen sally,
Where our Chief's charger neighing paws the ground.

On Sliabhmor's head a signal fire is blazing!
Like a red standard waving in the sky;
A hundred hills responsive fires are raising,
A hundred glens repeat the gathering cry!

As winter rains from drifting clouds descending
Swell in their stony beds the mountain rills,
That foaming dash—their rocky barriers rending—
So, come the hardy Kerns from the hills.

Glaives, Pikes and Spears, Claymores and Skans are gleaming,
Adown Glen-gloss, Glen-duth, Glen-buic, Glengar,
As thick and fast as boreal lightning streamir—
At the first fiery signal of the war.

As distant thunder o'er the hills resounding,
Heralds the Storm-Spirit and his bellowin train,
So, Clan to Clan, swifter than Roe-bucks bounding,
To Slogan answer Slogan back again.

A thousand streams uniting in the valley,
Resistless roll along, a mighty tide—
So shall the Gael to-day for Eire rally,
Sweep thro' the Pale, and curb the Sax pride

R. P.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

MURKERTACH AND CALLACHAN FACE TO FACE.

Murkertach went to the South
To the beautiful chalk-white Cashel,
And he brought with him Callachan of troops;
He did not accept of any other hostage for him.
Ancient Rhyme.

On the plain at the base of the Rock of Cashel, Callachan had his choicest troops drawn up in battle array, awaiting the approach of his great rival. He had harangued his army with that sophistical eloquence peculiar to himself, appealing to their ancient provincial prejudices, and dwelling particularly on the audacity of the Prince of Aileach in venturing to violate the territory of Munster.

"Wherefore comes he here?" said he, "if not to insult us at our own doors?—men of Munster, shall we not clip this peacock's wings before he flies farther? He has taken hostages from Ath-Cliath, and the King of Leinster is in his hands—shall he also crow over us, and shall the bards of Uladh strike their harps to the joyful tale of Mononia's fall? Not so—while Callachan lives, the son of Neill shall never boast that the Eugenians fled before his face. That were, indeed, a shame."

This address was received with acclamation, and the clank of spear and shield denoted the impatience of the soldiers, and their eagerness for the fight. Callachan went himself from rank to rank to see that all were in readiness, and to keep up, as far as possible, the courage of his soldiers. Presently the northern warriors were seen in the distance approaching at a rapid pace, and Callachan cried: "Now or never! Manonians! be firm—remember your ancient fame!"

But when Murkertach rode up at the head of his small, but formidable force, the noble aspect of the heroic Roydamna and the stately mien of his companions in arms, produced an instantaneous effect. Callachan saw this, and hastened, if possible, to bring matters to a crisis.

"Son of Neill!" said he advancing a step towards him, "you are an unbidden guest in Cashel—what seek you of us?"

"I hold no parley with men who are traitors to their God," haughtily replied the Roydamna; "let three of your chiefs advance!"

Callachan was about to utter a scornful refusal, when the Prince of Ossory and two other chieftains of high rank stepped forward, and signified their desire to speak.

"Speak, then," said Callachan, with visible trepidation. "What have you to say to Murkertach Mac Neill?"

"This," said the Prince of Ossory, "that Murkertach is the friend of the Gael, and Callachan the friend of the Northman! Short time has passed since you, King of Cashel, laid waste the fertile plains of Ossory, and slaughtered thousands of my people because we submitted to the spearmen of Ulster. We are men, Callachan-Cashel, not slaves—and if the men of Ossory fight now, it shall be for the son of Neill and not for the church-burning far-destroying friend of the foreigner."

The Ossorians raised a shout of acclamation. Murkertach and the Prince of Ossory exchanged a friendly greeting, the Prince of the Decies also advanced, and, in presence of both armies, declared in favor of Murkertach; many other chieftains of lesser note followed on the same side, Callachan all the time looking on with an assumed air of haughty indifference. Watching his opportunity, till an interval of silence took place, he reared his tall form to its fullest height, and, casting a keen, contemptuous glance over his own, or rather the Munster troops, he asked:

"Is there any one else to lay his hand under Mac Neill's foot? What!—no answer? Ye have all done homage to the northern bully. Is it not so? Chiefs of Munster! this is an evil day for Cashel of the Kings—mournful will be the song of our bards this night—well were it for the glory of the Eugenian race if it were your *caoins* they sang rather than that ye should turn traitors within sight of the royal city! Shame on ye, men of Munster, and my heavy curse be on ye!"

Then did the chiefs make answer: "Callachan of Cashel! you are not wise to talk of traitors—it is you who are the traitor—traitor to God, traitor to His saints, whose shrines you have many times robbed and plundered—traitors to your country, whose enemies are your friends! If the song of the bard be sorrowful the sorrow is from you, not from us!"

"You do well, Callachan!" added Murkertach, "to speak of yonder holy city," pointing to the Rock and the city at its base, "the friend of the Black Stranger, the plunderer of Clonmacnoise, of Clonard, and many other sacred places—do you talk to us of Cashel? I tell you, King of Munster, there is not a stone in its sacred walls that does not cry to heaven against you."

Callachan, livid with rage, grasped his skean, and made a step towards the Roydamna, but the latter made a sign to some of his own people and, quick as thought, four of the northern heroes sprang on the fierce Eugenian, and one of them, wrenching the dirk from his hand, flung it from him with a gesture of contempt.

"What means this outrage?" stammered Callachan, as he vainly struggled to free himself from the iron grasp of his captors; "Murkertach MacNeill! what brings you here—what do you want?"

"To humble your pride," replied the Roydamna calmly, "and to take hostages from the men of Munster."

"He will give them," said the Prince of Ossory, "who are they to be?"

"One will suffice—there he stands!" pointing to Callachan.

"What!" cried the enraged monarch, "do you dare to speak of me as a hostage?"

"I do dare, and will have you——"

"Chiefs of Munster!" said Callachan, overawed, though he knew not why, by the calm determination of his noble adversary, "Chiefs of Munster! will ye suffer this proud Ulidian to take your king captive?"

"Nay, that must not be," said the Prince of the Decies advancing with a flushed cheek, "I will go in his stead, Murkertach!"

"Or I!" "Or I!"—repeated several of the highest chieftains coming eagerly forward. But the Roydamna was resolved to have Callachan, and would hear of no other.

"Either give him up or fight!" said he, "ye have your choice!"

It was a hard struggle with the proud Manonians, and Callachan did his utmost to stir up their provincial spirit, but their sympathies were not with him—he was the friend and ally of the Galls—he had enriched himself many a time with the sacrilegious spoils of shrines and altar—Murkertach, on the other hand, was the well-known protector of religion and of everything sacred — the steady and persevering enemy of the Danes, so they said to each other:

"It is the will of God—let him go—it may do him good!"

Callachan gnashed his teeth in impotent rage as golden fetters were put on his hands by the calm, self-possessed Prince of Aileach, and then the latter introduced him with mock ceremony to the Danish Prince and the King of Leinster, —the two armies exchanged a friendly cheer "for God and *Eire*," and Murkertach's troops resumed their march in search of new triumphs.

Murkertach undoubtedly treated his captives with all the respect due to their exalted rank, yet their position was galling in the extreme, especially to the imperious King of Munster, whose proud heart swelled with rage and vexation at every fresh instance of the unlimited power wielded by his illustrious rival. The whole cortege travelled into Connaught, where they had not journeyed far when a gallant pair of chiefs and nobles was seen approaching headed by a handsome youth of some twenty years or thereabouts, who was evidently of royal birth, by the seven colors so tastefully interwoven in and embroidered on his garments, by the golden fringe of his silken mantle, fastened at the bosom by a large amethyst set in purest gold, and by the rich texture of the handsome *barradh* which hung back so gracefully from his open brow.

It was Concobar, son to the reigning King of Connaught, who, hearing of Murkertach's triumphal progress, and feeling with admiration for his eminent qualities, came voluntarily to offer himself as a hostage on behalf of his father's kingdom.

Murkertach smiled graciously as the noble youth springing from his horse bowed low in salutation, but when Concobar said that he came as a hostage, the generous prince alighted from his horse and embraced the young heir of Connaught. One of his attendants brought forward a pair of fetters, but Murkertach said:

"Nor gyve nor fetter shall Concobar* wear of mine. He shall come with me as a friend."

Lorcan and Callachan exchanged a scoffing glance on hearing this, and Sitric the Dane opened his heavy eyes in stupid amazement. Such mutual generosity was something beyond his comprehension.

From Connaught, Murkertach returned to his northern home which had been repaired and refurnished during his absence. On reaching the outer gate, the Roydamana alighted from his horse, and handing his long spear to an attendant, reached his hand in turn to each of his royal captives and bade them welcome to Aileach.

The cordial kindness of his manner disarmed even the fierce King of Cashel, and the hostages entered the royal fortress of the north with feelings far different from what they had anticipated. The chronicles tell that Murkertach entertained all these princes for full five months with the sumptuous hospitality of the time and country. He then sent them to Tara in order to conciliate Donogh, and in token of his submission to the lawful authority of the crown.

Bright are these recollections of the past, and yet mournful by force of contrast! They were, after all, pleasant days—

"When Erin was the land of sombre woods,
And brave, true-hearted kings,
Whose bosoms bounded wilder than the sea—
When round the warm, enrapturing, wine-bright bowl
Were quench'd their idle quarrellings."

* This Concobar, who afterwards succeeded his father, Tagno of the Three Towers, in the sovereignty of Connaught, was the ancestor of the O'Connors who so long swayed the sceptre of that province—a race which gave the last king to Ireland in the person of Roderick O'Connor.

— In our next, DEATH OF MURKERTACH THE ROYDAMNA, A. D. 943.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN LIVERPOOL.

A Liverpool correspondent of the *Nation* sends that journal the following. He says:

"In Liverpool there are many thousands of Irishmen—including young men of education—but I regret to say that there is not one in every five hundred that can speak or even understand the language of his native country. Is not this disgraceful? Can it not be remedied? I think it can, and therefore suggest to you, Mr. Editor, the propriety of bringing the matter before your many readers, and, if possible, induce some Irish scholar, acquainted with the language, to open a school—say an evening school. For myself I am certain I could obtain at least ten young men as students, and they could easily induce a number of their friends to join the same class; and by this means I am satisfied that at least fifty regular attendants could be procured. Then let us suppose that each person pays only one shilling per week, that would be £2 10s. Deduct from that, say ten shillings for rent of room, &c., that would still leave a balance of £2 per week, or £100 per year; which, for three hours every evening, or say four evenings in the week, would not be bad remuneration; considering that the gentleman could follow any other business or profession he pleased during the day. I think this is a subject which should interest every true-hearted Irishman, and I shall be glad to co-operate with every person who may think well to address me on the subject, and for which purpose I enclose my name and address."

What is here uttered regarding Liverpool will apply with equal truth to New York. There are to our own knowledge, many persons in this and the neighboring cities well adapted and fully competent to teach the Irish language, but the experiment has not been tried in a single instance. Such a school might be opened here or elsewhere on the same principle as that recommended in the above correspondence. At all events we take the initiative by submitting the subject to the consideration of those most likely to move in the matter, believing that there are hundreds in New York, Philadelphia and Boston, who would be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered of obtaining a knowledge of the Irish language.]

Historians and men of letters have confessed the disabilities they labored under while compiling history in consequence of their ignorance of the Irish dialect, thereby fully admitting its necessity and usefulness. Such being the case we can see no legitimate reason why its utility should be disregarded by those whom a knowledge of it most peculiarly affects.

We would remind all interested in the matter that the mine of Irish literature contains many gems, and abounds in beauties of varied description hitherto almost entirely neglected or at best but indifferently explored.

Sterne used to say, "The most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as most people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

EDWARD EVERETT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Academy of Music was crowded to its utmost on the evening of Tuesday, the 2d inst., to listen to a lecture on "Charity," delivered by the above named gentleman. Mayor Tieman presided on the occasion, and though the subject did not admit of those splendid flights of oratory which distinguished several of Mr. Everett's former addresses, nevertheless the speaker realized the expectations of his hearers, and was listened to with attention. Proceeding to speak of the obligations which rested on the wealthy to the poor and destitute, he said:

"There were many who had steeled their hearts against the sufferings and want of their fellow-beings—many whose sordid passion for gold had blunted all the generous impulses of nature, and closed the door of human feeling against the demands of benevolence and charity. He knew of one who had been rescued from the streets by a charitable society, and who by means of the assistance afforded to him, had not only acquired a competence, but had become wealthy. His riches, however, instead of furnishing him the means to relieve others from the destitution to which he had been exposed, and from which he had been rescued, had the very opposite effect—his mind became contracted in the pursuit of wealth, and when that society, which had been the friend of his youth, applied to him for assistance, he coldly refused. A companion, who had known him in his younger days, and who was reduced to privation like himself, called on him for aid, but he gave him no relief, and treated his appeal with indifference. Shall I give you his name? said the lecturer. Give you his name? What need is there of that. You all know him; you see him every day. He is on 'change in Wall street; you meet him in Broadway, and he sometimes goes to church on Sunday. He is the man of wealth upon whom the sufferings, the destitution, the pinching poverty of his fellow-creatures have no claim. He is the youth who drives fast horses in the fast road to destruction. You see the same character in the woman who passes her time in the frivolities of life, and on whose ear the wail of charity falls unheeded. Of what avail is wealth to such, and of what use are the lessons which every day teaches? They came into the world destitute and dependent, and they found friends who assisted them in the early struggles of life. Their country extended its aid and protection; but once in possession of the means of rendering the same assistance, they forget their own former helplessness and close their purses against the calls of charity. The lecturer here spoke of those who had done so much in the cause of charity, and of whom too much could not be said in their praise. Among these was St. Vincent de Paul, who had organized an association of Sisters of Charity, and whose life was spent in acts of benevolence. He related an incident of one of these Sisters who had asked of the founder, St. Vincent, to be sent to take the place of two who had died of a virulent disease which they had contracted from patients on whom they were attending. Undismayed by the almost certainty of death, she requested permission to wait on the sick, and persisted in her application till it was granted. If the Crimea has its tale of terrors, and sufferings and death, it has also its record of benevolence, of generous self-denial, and acts of charity performed by those truly noble, Christian women. The lecturer drew an illustration from an incident which is related of the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders. It was that of the Scotch girl, who, when all of the beleagured inhabitants of the place had given up all hopes of being rescued from the ruthless enemy who surrounded the town, told them that she knew they would be saved, for she had heard the slogan of her native land. Let us look around us, continued the lecturer, and we will find under the shadow of our palaces, within our own city, thousands who are struggling against as remorseless, as ruthless a foe as that which threatened the beleagured inhabitants of Lucknow, and whose fate, if not relieved, is horrible for the Christian to contemplate. Think of the want, the suffering, the destitution which exists in our midst; of the youth who are brought up in this great city, dependent upon the charity of the wealthy; of the women whom toil and drudgery and neglect have driven to desperation, and who in the bitterness of their poverty and despair have been forced from the paths of virtue—of the man on whom the withering hand of destitution has fallen with a crushing weight, and who have become social outcasts through the coldness and indifference which thinks not of their sufferings, or which sees them with an uncharitable eye. Think of the host of enemies against which they have to fight, of the terrible array that is drawn up against them, and let those who have the means save them. Forget not the security which he has who giveth to the poor, and which is far above any that this world can give."

At the conclusion of Mr. Everett's lecture, a series of complimentary resolutions were offered and adopted unanimously.

The French Government has purchased, for £32 000, the house in Bourges which was occupied by Jacques Cœur, "silversmith" to Charles VII., and the wealthiest man of his day in Europe. It is a remarkably fine specimen of ancient architecture.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Indian Mails.—Wyndham's Defeat.—He is severely censured.—The Total Reduction of India indefinitely Adjourned.—General Order of the Governor-General. Englishmen and their qualities.—Sir H. Lawrence. Accuracy of the Sepoy aim.—Meeting of the Proprietors of the East India Company.—Speeches.—The Government versus the Company.—More about those Greased Cartridges.—The Proselytomaniacs again.—The Bishops and the Lords.—More Missionaries!—More Money!—The Havelock Baronetcy.—An "Anti-Popery" Maniac dead.—Rev. Mr. Conway.—Attempted Assassination of Napoleon III.

LONDON, 15th Jan., 1858.

The Indian mails add nothing to the telegraphic summaries previously received. The cause of Havelock's death is not clearly ascertained; some say he died of dysentery, brought on by anxiety and exposure—others, that his decease was the result of wounds. Gen. Wyndham's defeat has proved to our journalists here that he is utterly incapacitated for the position he holds, and they are stripping the poor General's Crimean laurels of their leaves at a great rate. There is, however, no more justice in this censure than there was in the extravagant praise bestowed on Havelock, Lawrence, &c. The affair with the Gwalior contingent was the greatest check the English have received since the commencement of the insurrection, and they disgracefully fled, leaving everything on the field of battle, and a great number of prisoners, among whom were many officers, in the hands of the triumphant insurgents. The Contingent has (of course) been since most signally punished, and has fled into Oude, but Sir Colin Campbell is obliged to wait for reinforcements before entering on the "pacification" of that country. The means of transporting the troops which were arriving entirely lacked; the cavalry regiments were altogether in an "infantry" state, and there was but little prospect of remounting them. The most sanguine here now indefinitely postpone the final re-establishment of British rule in India. The fracture of the back-bone of the rebellion is, it seems, by no means a compound one.

The Governor General of India has published in a general order the details of what may be called, by the figure of speech termed hyperbole, the *relief* of Lucknow. Among other interesting information, he tells us that the defence of that city not only showed the energy and daring of Englishmen in active conflict but also that "nobly sustained courage, which, against enormous odds and fearful disadvantages, against hope deferred and through unceasing toil and wear of body and mind, still holds on day after day and triumphs." It was not generally known that such virtue was generally possessed by Englishmen. I was of opinion that when John Bull got into such tight places he usually imitated the frogs and toads, celebrated in song, and committed suicide to save himself from slaughter.

The circumstances of the death of Sir H. Lawrence show that the Sepoys are pretty sharp shooters and can throw shells with remarkable precision. He did not heed the warning given him by a first shell which burst in the room in the Residency where he was sitting. He laughed at the idea of another finding him out there, but the unfortunate man found out to the contrary, for a second entered the very same apartment, and bursting, killed him and wounded an officer who was near him at the time.

The proprietors of the East India Company held a special general court on Wednesday last, under the presidency of R. D. Mangles, Esq., M. P., the Chairman of the Company. The purpose of the meeting was the consideration of the communication addressed to the Directors with regard to the continuation of the Company's privileges. Mr. Cramshaw, in a speech of considerable length, expressed his belief that if the East India Company were abolished, the amount of patronage placed in the gift of the Crown would tend to *corrupt* India, and finally be the means of causing the total loss of that portion of the British dominions. Faith had been broken with India during the last twenty years, and it was that which led to the present terrible state of things. The Company was plunged into war by her Majesty's government, and then robbed by the government to pay the expenses, and he would move at a future time that counsel's opinion be taken as to the liability of the Company to repay the amount claimed by the Government. The Company had no share in the guilt of the war. Parliament was never so corrupt as at present, and if the public were not enlisted in the cause of the Company, the Company, India, and England would be all ruined together. What a loss to humanity! The Speaker moved a resolution to the effect that the transfer of the E. I. Company's powers to the Crown calls for all constitutional resistance. A Director, a Colonel, and an M. P. delighting in the name of Sykes (I know not if his Christian name be Bill) supplied some important information with regard to the famous cartridges. Twenty millions of greased cartridges had been sent out from Woolwich, and the papers passed through his hands without being observed. If he had noticed the circumstance he would have expostulated, and, as it was, he attached some blame to himself. When these cartridges were distributed among the Sepoys the idea spread that the Government were going to destroy their caste and a panic seized them. As to the "double Government" no such thing existed; the Court of Directors had done nothing for the last twenty years—the Board of Control did everything. The gallant Colonel then stated that the present organization was the most democratic arrangement which had ever existed, which announcement was received with loud laughter, and stamped by many of those present as "bosh." Mr. Lewin said that matters never would have been kept so quiet except for the distribution of the patronage by the Directors. He proceeded to show, however, that the present evils were not brought about by the servants of the Company but those of the Crown. He called Lord Canning a "regular nuisance." Some people said there was nothing like evangelizing India; the Bishop of Oxford said there was nothing like bishops, but he could tell them that if they attempted to force Christianity upon the natives they would rise against them *en masse*. The meeting was then adjourned and will adjourn from week to week until the details of the government project are known. The fight between the Crown and the Company is beginning to be interesting. When rogues fall out curious disclosures are usually the consequence of their disagreement.

The proselytomaniacs are determined not to quit the field in which they have already performed such exploits. A special meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held on Tuesday, at the grand headquarters, Exeter Hall, to consider the late "calamitous events" in India. Lawn and prunello were there in large quantities: Lords and Bishops full many a one. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and said that the object of the meeting was to send out more missionaries! He hoped the future government of India, whatever it might be, would boldly declare itself Christian. The Rev. Henry Vane made the usual appeal for "funds," which, as they are the sinews of war, are also the sinews of Protestantism. He made an "earnest appeal," and stated that the Society had received a great increase of missionary candidates, but that if the *subscriptions were not liberal* they could not avail themselves of their valuable services. A resolution was passed that *the success of the Indian missions*, &c., called for a special effort on behalf of the Church at home. As usual, the everlasting "plate" was sent round, which put an end to the reunion.

It is reported that Lord Palmerston intends advising her Majesty to ante-date the conferring of the baronetcy on Havelock to the time of his getting hemmed in, in Lucknow. Poor Havelock! it will do him but little service. One may very appositely quote on the subject Falstaff's celebrated soliloquy on glory.

A steadfast enemy to Catholicity and a rabid "No Popery" maniac has just quitted this earth. The Earl of Winchelsea died on the 8th inst. in his sixty-seventh year. He was only remarkable in Parliament for his opposition to the Maynooth grant. He opposed the Catholic Relief Bill in 1829 and fought a duel with the Iron Duke, who challenged him with regard to some expressions he had made use of concerning that measure. The meeting was terminated by an apology on the part of Lord Winchelsea. Another enemy to the Church has passed away. I will only say "thou art dead, Alonzo, and so is my enmity."

The Rev. Mr. Conway's attorney has been notified that an application will be made by the Crown to the Court of Queen's Bench to have the County of Dublin chosen as the place of trial of the reverend gentleman. It is alleged that a fair trial could not be had in Mayo, and it is necessary that the venue should be changed to Dublin where a jury of Castle "flunkies" can be conveniently packed. W.

P. S. We have just received the news of an attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French, on Thursday evening, as he was about to enter the opera with the Empress. Several persons are said to have been wounded, and a piece of an exploded shell pierced the Emperor's hat. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Affairs in Piedmont.—Canons excluded from the Chamber, by the Left.—Continuation of the DEBATS *and* SIECLE *controversy on the subject.—The Anglo-Austrian Secret Treaty.—Reschid Pacha.—The King of Prussia.—Effect of the late news from India.—What the* PAYS' *Indian Correspondent thinks of the War.—Influenza.—The Empress on Skates.—Melancholy Accident at the Church of Saint Sulpice.—The Captain of the "Adriatic."—Mlle. Rachel.—No Truth in the Reports of her Conversion.—Her Journal.—Pilgrimage to Jerusalem.*

PARIS, 14th Jan., 1858.

The attack upon the Clergy of Sardinia by the Left or revolutionary party, encouraged by the Ministry under Count de Cavour and Signor Rattazzi, has been continued during several sittings of the Chamber. I spoke in my last of the inquiry into the conduct of the Clergy during the late elections, which had been demanded. The Marquis de Birague whose election served as a pretext for that demand, has commenced an action for defamation against those individuals who signed protests directed against him. Since the question of the inquiry was mooted the revolutionary party has made a discovery: that Canons, several of whom have been elected deputies by the people, are not eligible to serve in that capacity. In support of their views, the party of the Left quote one of the aticles of the electoral law, which, according to their ideas, establishes the eligibility of Canons to serve in the Legislative Chamber. The Right contends that as long as the law has been in existence no such interpretation was given to it. It is true that the first Canon returned as Deputy had very *advanced* ideas, but now that the Canons elected represent conservative opinion, the Left is much more particular with regard to their legal right to sit in the Legislature. The arguments of the Left are the stereotyped ones in general circulation when it is designed to deprive ecclesiastics of their civil rights. "Passive obedience to an ecclesiastical superior and the independance of a deputy are incompatible, &c. Let the Church take care of spiritual matters and leave all the rest to the Gauche." The debate on the question was terminated on the 8th, by the annulling of the Rev. Canon Marongin's election. Virtually, this decides that the functions of Canon and those of Deputy are incompatible; but it was understood that the discussion might be again taken up when the case of the other Canons recently elected shall be brought forward. The result will, however, most probably be the same. We have here another proof of the impartiality of the party which arrogates to itself the title of liberal. When the Canons took their seats at the Left side of the Chamber they were admitted without difficulty; now that they assert their independence (though their adversaries declare the possession of that quality by them an impossibility) by sitting down at the right, they are excluded. When the vote was taken there were 146 members present, 63 of whom voted in favor of the election, and 83 against it. One Deputy declined voting. The Ministers were afraid to take a prominent part in the debate, but they voted with the Left. We may see from all this what the Piedmontese clergy have to expect from M. de Cavour. As to the "liberals," we know of old how much of liberality may be expected from them. Of course, the pasteboard King, Victor Emanuel, will remain a cipher if he do not imitate his no less pasteboard *confrere* of Brussels. The successor of Charles Albert is of about as much use in Piedmont as one of those Chinese figures usually exhibited in the windows of tea-shops—which specimens of the plastic art he resembles in more points than the length of his moustaches.

The controversy between the *Debats* and the *Siecle*, with regard to this subject, which I hinted at in my last, has terminated in a most crushing manner for the republican *Siecle*. The *Debats* (Protestant and Phillippist) concedes that the *Siecle* is a friend of liberty—but liberty solely for those who have the same opinions as itself. The *Siecle*, the great friend of liberty, calls upon the *government to interfere* between the Confessor and the penitent. No less than three editors of the republican sheet have endeavored to make good the position taken by it, but their sophisms have been annihilated by their quondam ally.

I informed you that the *Spectateur* (formerly *Assemblee Nationale*) had announced the existence of a secret treaty signed at Vienna in June last by the British Minister at the Court of Austria and Count de Buol, in which the two Governments agreed to aid each other in case of aggression on the part of a European power. Turkey was said to belong to that alliance, *de facto*, and Prussia favored the policy. The change of conduct and language of the Ministry and Press of England towards the King of Naples was attributed to Lord Palmerston's desire to inveigle that sovereign into this unholy alliance. The Czar's visit was cited as a confirmation of the announcement, Alexander II. having come, according to the *Spectateur*, to excuse himself from entering into any plan of European action until he had accomplished the reforms he had undertaken in the interior of his empire. A lively discussion has been caused by the article of the *Spectateur*, and the *Pays*, the *Patrie*, and the *Constitutionnel* have denied the existence of the treaty. The quarrel remains undecided, for if the treaty be a *secret* one, the three journals who sustain the negative may know nothing of its existence, while, for the same reason, it would be impossible for the *Spectateur* to prove its assertion.

The departure of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from Constantinople has been followed by the death of his Turkish disciple, the Grand Vizir, Reschid Pacha, who died at noon on the 7th inst., after an illness of only three days. He was only fifty-eight years of age. French policy now seems to have a fair field in the East.

A Cabinet order of the King of Prussia addressed to his delegate and brother, the Prince, prolongs the latter's period of holding the royal authority for three months from the 25th current.

The late news from India has left England but one advocate among the Parisian Press. The correspondent of the *Pays*, (semi-official,) who, some time since, wrote that the Indian insurrection was on the eve of being vanquished now writes that he looks upon the struggle as "the greatest which has agitated the world since the destruction of the Roman Empire."

Influenza is the tyrant of Paris at present, and the upper classes all suffer under its harrassing despotism. Everybody has it, and parties and receptions have been interrupted by the unceremonious despot. We have had some very cold weather, and skating has been the rage. The Emperor and the Empress drove to the Bois de Boulogne last week, and Eugenie, having placed her Imperial feet on the perilous footing of skates, struck out among the crowd of skaters on the Grand Lac, and remained nearly three quarters of an hour on the ice.

A most deplorable accident took place last week in the Church of Saint Sulpice. At half-past ten o'clock a respected clergyman belonging to that Church commenced saying Mass in the Chapel of the Holy Virgin. About forty persons were present. The priest was commencing the Offertory, when a loud noise was heard, and a shower of broken glass fell upon the altar. The Chapel was immediately filled hith a dense vapor, which prevented the reverend officiant from seeing what was the matter. The persons present rushed towards the altar. One of the pipes of a large heater (the church is heated by water-pipes) being obstructed, the circulation of the water was impeded, and the steam caused the pipe to explode. A figure of an angel, on one of the heaters, was broken in pieces, as also the portative pulpit which is placed at about a yard from one of the heaters. A torrent of boiling water poured forth, and some ladies who were near, burned in a terrible manner. One Mlle. Fauconnier was killed on the spot; another lady whose name is unknown was killed almost instantaneously. A poor workman died in an hour afterwards. A lady died in the course of the night. Five other persons, hurt by falling fragments or scalded by the boiling water, were dangerously though not mortally wounded. Every possible aid was given to the poor victims. Mgr. the Archbishop, the Prefect of the Seine, and the Mayor of the 11th Arrondissement immediately visited the scene of the catastrophe, and prescribed the measures necessary to be taken. These details are taken from the account given by the venerable priest who was offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass when the accident occurred, and who was so miraculously saved.

The captain of the *Adriatic*, the American ship which was seized for having caused the wreck of the *Lyonnais*, set our laws at defiance by clandestinely leaving the port of Marseilles with his vessel on the morning of the 9th. This audacious act has excited a great deal of indignant feeling, and will, no doubt, add to the prejudice against your adopted countrymen, which is growing in the minds of most classes here. It is to be hoped that the American Government will arrest the runaway as soon as he makes his appearance in one of your ports, and send him back immediately. The *Semaphore*, of Marseilles, expresses its conviction that the French authorities will take the necessary steps to protect the interests of the owners of the *Lyonnais*, and to avenge Captain Dunham's defiance of French law.

The story of Mlle. Rachel's conversion to our holy religion is, unfortunately for her, without foundation. She died a Jewess, and was buried according to the Hebrew rite. Her funeral took place on Monday, having been adjourned in consequence of her death having been telegraphed to Paris before she had really expired. She fell into a deep trance which was mistaken for the final sleep. An immense crowd of artists, litterateurs, &c., formed the funeral *cortege*. The pall bearers were Baron Taylor, Alexander Dumas, *pere*, Geffroy, of the Theatre Francais, and Auguste Maquet. Three orations were pronounced by Baron Taylor, Geffroy, and Auguste Maquet. The great tragedienne was buried in the portion of Pere-Lachaise, bordering the Rue Saint Andre, and which is set apart as a burying ground for Israelites. It is said that just when Mlle. Rachel had expired at Cannet, near Toulon, a number of New Year's gifts of the most costly description, sent by her friends in Paris, arrived. Alas! she had not even the consolation of dying with the knowledge that sickness and absence had not obliterated her image from the memory of her friends.

The pilgrimage to Jerusalem for Easter, 1858, is now being organized. The departure will take place from Marseilles on the 7th March and the arrival at Jaffa on the 19th, St. Joseph's Day. The voyage will take about two months. The pilgrims will pass the Holy Week and the Easter festivals in Jerusalem, visit St. John of the Desert, Bethlehem, the Greek Convent of St. Saba, the shores of the Dead Sea and the banks of the Jordan. They will then go through Samaria and Galilee to Nazareth, Thabor, Lake Tiberias, and end their pilgrimage at Carmel, passing by St. Jean d'Acre, Tyr and Sidon to Beyrout, and thence back to France. The expenses of travelling in the East are estimated at about 15 or 20 francs a day.

CITY NEWS.

Louis Napoleon an American.—An article appeared in *Graham's Magazine* recently to the effect that Louis Napoleon, the present French Emperor, is a native of the United States. The foolish assertion has been rather extensively quoted, some journals taking it up in downright earnest, and others, no doubt, for the joke of the thing. Of all men living Louis Napoleon should be the last to have been fixed upon on the score of American parentage. Since his accession to the empire to the present hour, he has never evinced either sympathy or friendship towards the American name or nation. During the summer of 1856, while holding high revel and hunting parties at Biarritz, distinguished representatives from almost every civilized nation were in attendance, while those of America were studiously excluded. So much for Napoleon's American parentage.

A Fleecing Operation.—A few interested parties have set on foot a project for the purchase of a house and lot worth fifteen thousand dollars, to be presented to General Nye and his family. This immense sum they expect to raise by a levy of fifteen dollars extracted from the pockets of the members of the police force. It is hardly worth admiring that generosity on the part of certain individuals which displays itself at the cost of others. The police, very naturally, are in no extraordinary haste to part with the cash. Many of them look on the whole thing as a fleecing operation, while more have complained to the Mayor that a tax of fifteen dollars each had been imposed upon them. It is high time to have done with such absurdities. If the friends of General Nye wish to compliment him, they are at perfect liberty to do so at their own expense, but not at the expense of others.

The Calico Dress Soiree.—The above Soiree, which formed the subject of much speculation, came off at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Thursday, the 4th inst. Those who were present say that 10,000 persons were in attendance during the evening. The ladies were all arrayed in calico dresses, and their appearance is said to have been neat and captivating in the extreme. At seven o'clock crowds came flocking in, and shortly after eight there was a perfect jam. It is ascertained, on rather competent authority, that three thousand ladies alone were present about this time. The entertainment was for the benefit of some charitable societies.

An "Illustrious Stranger."—Mohamed Pasha, Rear-Admiral of the Turkish fleet, is expected in this city shortly. The Common Council propose to spend five thousand dollars —not of their own, but of the public money—to defray the expenses of a jollification in connection with the event. The Mayor is, however, opposed to the measure. He looks on the Admiral's visit as purely one of a business character, and thinks his time will be occupied in looking after his business, instead of receiving compliments. It is hardly possible to avoid being carried away by such disinterested philanthropy as one encounters now-a-days.

The Beef Market last Week.—There was an average amount of stock on hand last market day. The total receipts for the week amounted to over three thousand head, the majority of which were in ordinary condition. The portion rated as best quality advanced slightly, so that some went off at ten cents a pound, when stock in similar condition could be bought for a half cent less the week previous. Inferior droves were disposed of at somewhat less than eight cents per pound, and others at seven, being considered dear even at those prices.

Four Liquor Casks.—In the course of a trial in the Circuit Court of Brooklyn last week, four persons were examined, who severally deposed to the following: The first witness swore that he drank on a wager, in the city of Brooklyn, seven and a half gallons of lager bier in *two hours!* The second, *one hundred and sixty quarts in one day!* And the third deposed to having drank *thirty pints* within five minutes. Another took fifteen glasses to give him an appetite for his breakfast.

A Shabby Set of Fellows.—Friday afternoon last the clerk of the banking firm in Wall street lost a package of money and checks amounting to $20,000. An apple-woman, at the corner of William street, picked up the parcel and restored it to the owners, *who magnanimously rewarded her with a present in current funds of two hundred—cents.*

A Chance to Learn French.—A Mr. Dubois has undertaken to give gratuitous lessons in the French language, at his place No. 765 Broadway, every Thursday evening. This is a good chance for those disposed to acquire a knowledge of that language.

Looking for an Advance.—The Board of Aldermen, at a recent sitting, passed a resolution directing the Corporation Counsel to demand from the Legislature a salary of $1,000 a year for each member of the Common Council.

City Mortality.—There were 437 deaths in this city last week, being a decrease of 17 on the week previous.

We live in a decidedly fast age. If anybody doubts the assertion they would have done well to have been on hand at Hope Chapel on the evenings of Wednesday, the 3d, and Monday, the 8th inst., where they would have heard two lectures, the first on "Beautiful Women," and the second on "The Wits and Women of Paris," delivered by that "sunbeam" among women, Lola Montes. The house was crowded on both occasions, seven-eighths of the audience being composed of the sterner sex. The papers have bespattered Lola all over with praise, commending her voice, enunciation, delivery, and all that sort of thing—thus fooling her to the top of her bent.

A police squad visited, on Sunday last, a number of Lagerbier saloons, theatres and other places of amusement, usually resorted to by our German population on holidays. The police did not attempt to close those places themselves, but notified their proprietors to cease the amusements which were being carried on. Their instructions were complied with, in a few instances, but it yet remains to be seen how the Teutons will relish the idea of being deprived of their usual, and what they deem necessary amount of Sunday enjoyment. Those German places of amusement are all situated in the eastern part of the city.

It is in contemplation to erect a large and commodious dry dock at Hoboken. It is intended to be located between 2nd and 3rd streets, the place now occupied by Mr. Allison as a ship-yard. It will be 400 feet long and 85 feet wide, and of a depth sufficient to accommodate vessels of fifteen feet draft.

The policy-dealers are nearly disposed of. So closely have they been followed up by the Mayor that the tribe may be said to be completely extinct. One luckless vender was detected recently, brought up, and held to bail in the sum of $500.

One of the police force has been charged with the perpetration of several burglaries, committed by him on his own beat. The event has caused some excitement among the members of the force.

Miss Esmonde gives one of her excellent Readings from the Irish and American Poets at the Stuyvesant Institute on the 22d. Go and hear the very best reader of her class in the country.

Mr. Belmont, our former Minister to the Hague, has generously given a donation of two hundred dollars to the House of the Good Shepherd, situate in East Fourteenth street.

There are at present 8,426 persons under the charge of the Ten Governors, at Blackwell's Island. This is an increase of 1,596 over last year's number, at this period.

The *Home Journal* for last week contained a well written article on John Banim, the Irish novelist, which is to be further continued in this week's issue.

A movement is on foot for the purpose of closing the drug stores on Sunday.

It has been decided in the Circuit Court, Brooklyn, that lager beer is not intoxicating.

The Red Petticoat is not likely to become a favorite with the Broadway belles.

European News.—The *Arabia* from Liverpool, with dates to 23d of January, arrived here on Sunday last. There was nothing new from India. The French, English, and Continental papers are taken up with the details of the recent attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon. Over one hundred persons were wounded, eleven of them dangerously, and five were killed. Napoleon had a truly narrow escape, as his hat was pierced by a piece of a shell. It is stated that an individual named Rudio, connected with the conspirators, has turned approver. The suppression of the newspapers is still going on, and two journals have been suspended, charged with upholding Republican principles.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

Blessing a Bell.—There is nothing, perhaps, in the Catholic Church, which strikes the Protestant mind more forcibly than that spirit of holiness which attaches to everything connected with religious ceremonial. Not only is her blessing imparted to her children, but to every material object employed in her services. The water with which her children are regenerated at the font of baptism, is blessed; the chrism which marks the forehead of those who approach the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, also receives her benediction; the church, the altar, the vestments, the sacred vessels, the tapers which burn in her sanctuary, the bell which proclaims to the faithful the hour of prayer, are solemnly dedicated. In all this, the Church would remind her children of that holiness which should ever adorn their lives; of that purity which becomes them as candidates for heaven. Bells used in churches, like everything else employed in the service of religion, are usually blessed. The ceremonies employed on the occasion are deeply interesting and instructive. The bell is elevated in some convenient part of the church, or in the belfry, where the ceremony is performed by the priest or bishop. The bells are usually dedicated under the name and patronage of some saint, and have one or more sponsors. The names of the bell and the sponsors are sometimes inscribed on the outer surface of the bell.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

St. Michael's Church.—The large and flourishing Sunday School attached to this Church held their Annual Celebration last Sunday evening, which was largely attended. The children (numbering about 1,100) were seated in the body of the Church, which was especially reserved for them; after several beautiful and appropriate hymns had been sung, accompanied by the organ. Right Rev. Bishop Wood ascended the altar, and delivered a pleasing and edifying discourse, which was shortly afterwards followed by the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament (given by the Bishop), with which the services terminated. We observed in the Sanctuary, Revs. Messrs. Loughran, O'Conner and Kelly, of St. Michael's; M'Laughlin and Kerian, of St. Ann's; and Blacker, of St. Malachi's.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

Bishop Luers.—The Right Rev. John Henry Luers, of St. Joseph's Church, Cincinnati, the new Bishop of Fort Wayne, was born at Lutten, Canton Vechta, Grand-Duchy of Oldenburg, on the 26th of September, 1819; came as a boy to America, and, after having finished his theological studies, he received, on the 11th of November, 1846, in the Cathedral of this place, holy orders, through the Right Rev. Bishop Purcell. But his parents did not survive the pleasure of their son. They died in the year 1840, and rest in the graveyard of Minister, Ohio. Shortly before his appointment as a priest, he had taken the first steps to the foundation of the St. Joseph's congregation, and soon after became the head of the new-founded congregation.—*Western Star, Dubuque.*

First Communion in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto.—On Sunday, the 24th ult., we witnessed, in St. Michael's Cathedral, an interesting ceremony: it was a First Communion, where about eighty children—principally of those under the care of the Christian Brothers and of the Sisters of St. Joseph—partook, for the first time, of the Bread of Life. In the evening the renewal of the baptismal vows took place, where the same happy children, dressed in their best attire, approaching, two and two, the Book of the Gospel, renounced again Satan, his works and his pomps. This ceremony was preceded by an excellent address from the Rev. Mr. O'Keeffe.—*Catholic Citizen.*

Examination of the Pupils under the Guidance of the Christian Brothers.—A public examination of a section of the pupils under the care of the Christian Brothers took place in St. Patrick's School. We do not hesitate in saying that they acquitted themselves most creditably. Our Catholic fellow-citizens may well congratulate themselves on the invaluable advantages they possess, in having in their midst such useful and excellent teachers as the Christian Brothers. Wherever their well-tried system is carried into execution, we are sure that a sound, practical, and truly Christian education is imparted to the rising generation.—*Ibid.*

The Bishop of Kingston.—The people of Kingston and of Canada will be undoubtedly rejoiced to learn that the Rev. Mr. Horan has been nominated by the Sovereign Pontiff to the See of Kingston. Our readers will remember that he is the clergyman whose appointment to the Principal's Chair in the Norman School of Quebec we noticed at the time with commendation. He is a profoundly learned man, and, being a native of Quebec of Irish descent, is of the second generation of Irishmen. May he fill the chair of the late lamented Bishop Phelan with honor and dignity.—*Toronto Mirror.*

St. Vincent's Orphan Society—Report for January, 1858.—The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of one thousand one hundred and sixteen dollars for the year 1857. The subscriptions for the last year are greater than in any previous year, and the Society is in a prosperous condition. The number of members is 650; twenty new members and fifteen resignations.—*Catholic Miscellany.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Connolly, the distinguished Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick, now visiting Rome, has been named by his Holiness, Prelate-Assistant to the Papal Throne, and has received other marks of special regard from the Pope.

Episcopal Appointments.—We learn that Bulls have arrived for the consecration of the Right Rev. P. N. Lynch, as Bishop of Charleston, and of Right Rev. Augustin Verot, as Bishop of Denabe (an extinct See in Syria, under the Metropolitan of Damascus,) *in partibus infidelium*, and Apostolic Vicar of Florida.—*Catholic Mirror.*

We have learned from letters lately received from Rome, that the Rev. F. P. M'Farland, Pastor of St. John's Church, Utica, New York, has been appointed Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut.—*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

Wanted—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the Tablet. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all fast-selling popular works, good honest industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., *Publishers*,
164 William st., New York.

Trenton, N. J.—We would most respectfully remind our friends in Trenton and vicinity in the want of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, Medals, &c., that they can procure such articles at the Bookstore of Mr. P. P. Cantwell, who always has on hand a large assortment which he will dispose of at New York prices. He is also Agent for the Tablet.

We hope our friends in Lowell and vicinity in want of Catholic Books, Stationery, &c., will call at the store of Mr. Patrick Sheahan, opposite St. Peter's Church, Lowell, and examine his stock. He has all our Publications for sale at New York prices. He is also Agent for the sale of Bills of Exchange on England, Ireland and Scotland, and Passage Tickets to and from Liverpool. Dealers can purchase the Tablet of him as cheap as they can in New York.

We would call the attention of our readers in Albany and vicinity, to the advertisement of Mr. M. O'Sullivan, 53 South Pearl street, Albany, where they can always find a full assortment of Catholic and Miscellaneous Books, &c., at publisher's prices. Clergymen and religious institutions supplied at wholesale prices. Dealers can also procure the Tablet at wholesale as cheap as they can in New York.

Our subscribers in Detroit, Michigan, can procure a portrait of Archbishop Hughes by calling at the store of Mr. Charles Fitzsimons, corner of Jefferson avenue and Second street, provided they pay up their subscription for 1858, besides what is due for 1857. Persons wishing to become subscribers to the Tablet will please leave him their names and address.

Mr. Thomas B. O'Connor, Bookseller, Savannah, Ga., has consented to act as our Agent at the request of our late Agent, Mr. Maurice O'Connell. Our subscribers in Savannah will please pay Mr. O'Connor.

Mr. Eugene Coleman, Bookseller, Madison street, New York, is duly authorized to solicit subscribers and advertisements for the Tablet.

Agents or Dealers having Tablets of the 23d of January on hand will please forward them to this office.

Traveling Agents.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan will call on our subscribers in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., St. Catherines, Hamilton, C. W., and intervening places. He has bills for all our subscribers in the above towns. They will, we hope, be ready to meet them. Mr O'Sullivan is fully authorized to act as Agent for the Tablet.

Mr. P. H. Mulvey is duly authorized to act as Agent for the New York Tablet in all the towns through which he may pass in Western New York. He has a good assortment of Books, &c., for sale.

British Provinces.

Those of our subscribers indebted to us in St. Johns, N. B., will please hand their subscriptions to our Agent, Mr. P. D. Quinn.

Our subscribers in Halifax, N. S., and vicinity, will please hand the amount of their indebtedness to Mr. James Donohoe, Bookseller, Halifax, N. S.

DIED.

At the residence of his parents, 128 St. Mark's Place Eight street, New York, on Saturday, February 6th after a short and severe illness, George, the youngest son of Patrick and Elizabeth Sales, aged 2 years 2 months and 14 days.

☞ Dublin (Ireland) papers please copy.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

AVENUES OF SHADE TREES.

After what has been so often written on the subject of shade trees, no one will question our regard for them, or our desire to see them planted widely in every part of our land. But there is a limit to everything; even a good thing may be overdone. We lately travelled along a road where rows of shade trees were planted on each side for a distance of three or four miles. When we first entered the avenue, we were struck with admiration. What taste, what public spirit are here! But, after the first mile, shall we confess it? the scene began to pall. We hardly knew how to account for it, but at length we explained it in this way: The trees are *all* of sugar maple, uniform in size and shape, set at precisely the same distance apart, and quite near together and branching quite low. The dense shade kept the road muddy and the air chilly. The thick branches shut out the view of the neighboring fields and hills; and the uniform size, form and color of the trees made the scene so monotonous that we were right glad when we reached the end of the avenue and looked again upon the bright, open landscape. From this experience we drew the lesson that shade trees should not be planted in very long rows, or, if so planted, they should not be set too near each other, nor be of the same kind of tree, and that they should be trimmed up so as to give the traveller a view beneath the lower branches of the surrounding scenery. This would give the artificial plantation something of the freedom and variety of nature, which never tires. —*American Agriculturist.*

WIRE FENCES—INFORMATION STILL WANTED.

In the month of October last, we published a call for information, respecting the feasibility of wire fences, best modes of construction, &c. We have received a few responses, but nothing like the number we looked for, considering the importance of the subject; and we are still waiting for further responses before taking up the subject thoroughly. Probably many of those who were best able to give practical information, chanced to be those least accustomed to the use of the pen; while others refrained from discussing the subject, on the supposition that every body else would write on a topic of so much interest. We again call for further details of experience, on both sides of the question. Any present subscriber disposed to assist in throwing light on the subject, and not having at hand the October number above referred to, will be furnished with a copy very cheerfully, on sending his address to us. We know there is great demand for further information, and we shall use every exertion to supply it.—*Ibid.*

MAKING DEEP WELLS.

We have very numerous inquiries in regard to the best modes, the machinery, &c., for digging and boring deep wells. The desired information we cannot give, and we shall, therefore, be under obligations to such persons as may communicate anything on this topic of interest to our readers. We hear, incidentally, that Messrs. Dupont, of Louisville, Ky., have sunk an artesian well in that city nearly 2,000 feet. The Louisville *Courier* says, that "city has now the deepest well in the world; the next deepest well—1,300 feet—being at Greville, near Paris, France."

NEW YORK MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—FLOUR—The market displayed increased activity, including some sales for export, while prices were without change of moment. The transactions footed up about 7,000 to 8,000 bbls., closing within the range of the following quotations:

Superfine State	$4 10@$4 25
Extra State	4 35@ 4 50
Western and Ohio superfine	4 10@ 4 25
Extra Ohio and Western	4 50@ 5 25
Canadian superfine and extra	4 50@ 4 90
Baltimore, Alexandria and Georgetown	4 50@ 4 90
Southern fancy and extra	4 95@ 6 40
Choice extra family and bakers' brands	6 00@ 8 00
Rye flour	3 00@ 3 75
Corn meal	3 00@ 3 50

COTTON—The market continued firm, with sales of about 1,000 bales, based upon middling uplands at 10½c.

FREIGHTS—Rates were unchanged. To Liverpool, about 88,000 bushels of grain were engaged in bulk, at 4½d.@4¾d.; 400 bbls. flour at 1s. 9d.@1s. 10½d.; 200 tierces beef, at 17s. 6d.; 200 bbls. rosin, at 1s. 9d.; 300 bales cotton at 3-16d. To London, about 100 boxes bacon were at 28s. There was nothing new to Glasgow or to the Continent.

HAY—About 1,000 to 1,200 bales were sold at 65@75c.

MOLASSES—The market displayed increased activity, and sales of about 500 to 1,000 bbls. New Orleans were made at 26@26c., including some at the latter figures, less 3 per cent. for cash. 250 bbls. tart Cuban sold at 18c. for distilling.

NAVAL STORES were without change of moment. Spirits turpentine sold at 42@42½c., and some common rosin at about $1 27. Crude turpentine was unchanged.

OILS were without quotable change in prices. Sperm was more firm, without much doing. Linseed was firmly held at 54@56c.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market was firmer, and closed at an advance in prices. The sales embraced about 350 bbls. mess, at $15 50, while at the close about $15 75 was asked. The sales included prime, at $12@$12 25. Beef was firm, with a good demand from the trade. The sales embraced about 250 to 300 bbls., including country prime at $6@$7, and country mess at $9@$10, with some lots of Western repacked at $10 50@18, and extra do, at $13 25@$14. Prime mess was quiet at $18 @$24, and beef hams were firm at $15@$17. Bacon was quiet and prices unchanged. Cut meats were unchanged, with small sales at 6c. for shoulders and at 8@8½c. for hams. Lard was steady, with sales of about 250 bbls. and tierces, at 9@9½c. Butter and cheese were unchanged.

RICE—Sales of 600 tierces were reported at $3@ $3 56½.

SUGARS were firm, with some fresh arrivals of New Orleans, some of which exhibit prime to choice samples. The sales embraced about 500 hhds. New Orleans at 6½@7c. The following are the quotations of Messrs. R. L. & A. Stuart for their refined sugars: Loaf sugar, 10½c.; crushed sugar, 10½c.; ground sugar, 9½c.; and circle A crushed sugar, 10½c. ₩ lb.

WHISKEY—Sales of 200 bbls. Jersey were made at 21½c.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec6 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00

No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.	

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages, form extra charges.

For further particulars address
BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$175
Commercial " " " "	150

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to
REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 126th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classics' and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.
MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

By P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'c.ock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.

Preparatory Class, $28 per annum

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. sep19

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well-known House of

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N w York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

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CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by P. O'CONNOR.

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1858.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
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ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid to
WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.
GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Cohoes, N. Y.
T O'HEA CANTILLON, Dubuque, Iowa.

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LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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Jeremiah Thompson,	Lucy Thompson,
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Excelsior,	Henry Clay,
Sardinia,	Orient,
Conqueror,	Empire State,
America,	City of New York.

These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

Drafts at Sight can also be had on any amount on all the branches of the Bank of Ireland, and National Bank of Scotland; or R. C. Glynn & Co., Bankers, London, and on C. Grimshaw & Co., Merchants, Liver pool. Apply to

SAMUEL THOMPSON'S NEPHEW,
Old Established Passage Office, 275 Pearl st., N. Y.
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Information Wanted.

Of BRYAN DOYLE, a native of Milford, county Carlow, Ireland, by his wife, Eliza Doyle. He is supposed to be in Cincinnati, Ohio. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his wife, Eliza Doyle, 32 Vandam street, New York.

☞ *Catholic Telegraph* please copy. feb6 6t

Of BERNARD and THOMAS RIELY, from County Cavan, Ireland; when last heard of, four years ago, was in the State of Illinois. Please address their brother, John Riely, care of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal, Canada. jan30 3t

Of DOMINICK FINNAN, a boy about ten years old, who, when last heard from, was in Buffalo. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, Catherine Finnan, North Orange, New Jersey. jan30 3t

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